TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I seldom have the pleasure of arguing with myself or of endeavoring to confute the logic on this page, but last week an article by my friend "P. T." with regard to the Birchall case, gives me an opportunity of expressing an adverse opinion. I was absent from the city during the few days prior to publication and my friend was kind enough to contribute a fraction of his opinion as supplementary comment on the week's doings. He is one of the men I have known long and esteem highly. I'm sure no tenderer editorial heart beats in the Dominion of Canada than that of "P. T." He would walk a block out of his way to avoid stepping on a potatoe bug, and I do not admire his gentle nature less because my own is not inclined to the sparing of objectionable lives or the preserving at public expense of a dangerous character. Once when we were editorially associated, I as editor and he as assistant, I favored the execution of Riel. He, more controlled by his heart than by his head, detested the idea of any human life being destroyed when the sacrifice could not restore to loved ones those who had been lost. So conscientious was he in the matter that he refused to write any articles advocating the execution of the twice-condemned rebel. I wrote them myself and I think he was heartily ashamed of being on the paper when they appeared. It really gave me pleasure to see this same gentle nature burst out in defence of that moral idiot Birchall, though just a week previous I had made a comparison suggesting that if the devil were in jail waiting for execution a popular petition could be obtained for a reprieve. My old friend cares nothing for sarcasms. He loves the whole human family and hates to see the worst member of it removed. Even what he wrote indicated that his reason had been convinced of Birchall's guilt, though his heart rebelled against the idea of an execution, and he quibbled because the evidence had been largely circumstantial. Now I admit that our reason may make very great errors, and when we are surest that we are right we are very often wrong; but unless we act when we are certain, and when the evidence seems good, we should not act at all. His plea probably would be that we should leave the man on earth, and if anything transpired to prove his innocence we should let him go; but he forgets that the man isn't worth letting go, that he is better dead than alive under any circumstances, and that if we don't hang him for killing Benwell we might very properly put him to death on general principles. He is no good to himself, to his relatives, to his country, to the human family, to the brute family, or any other family; if he lives he will be eating an honest man's bread, and if he is dead he won't be occupying room which a better man might fill. Notwithstanding this is my opinion so often urged in these columns that readers of SATURDAY NIGHT can make no error concerning it, yet I like to see a man's nature as gentle as a girl's, fighting bravely on behalf of one who is unworthy of the second thought of anyone who is fit to live, because it is inspired by the same tender instinct which leads a loving wife to cling to a worthless husband, and without the existence of that instinct how many of us would be poor, unlovely, unloved and unhappy sojourners in a country where the multitude would tread us under foot.

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A personal bitterness has characterized the onslaughts made by the *Telegram* upon our municipal government, and the wisdom of the editors or whoever has inspired the rancor of the paragraphs, must be questioned, yet the fact remains that much damaging truth has been stated, and most serious accusations made. I should not be willing to allege that proof has been adduced in every instance, but the paper has made out a most damaging case against the rulers who have been in charge for the past few years. Had it been separated from the biliousness and bitterness which made it readable and in some cases amusing, it would have had a very much greater effect. Even under the circumstances the comparison of the expenditure of a few years ago in the matter of municipal salaries with that of to-day, is enough to alarm the tax-payer and make him cast about for some means of escaping the burden which is already so heavy and which is annually being increased. The citizens had imagined that the Waterworks department at least had been reformed, and the *Telegram* in its eagerness to make out a good case for Mr. James Bejoyful Boustead, insisted on observing due respect in making any reference to that section of the civic government. Now we are shown that we are paying most extravagant rates, that other cities in a like respect are paying much less for a larger supply of water obtained under much more difficult conditions, that the salaries of those employed have been doubled in ten years, and there is nothing left for us to believe but that our Waterworks department, not only in the past but at the present hour, was and is, monumental of aldermanic and departmental ignorance and waste. That the *Telegram* has failed to prove itself well founded in some of its personal preferences has been seen, that it has made out a damning case against the whole civic government must be admitted. Now is an appropriate time to ask the newspapers and the citizens generally Boss Tweed's famous question: "What are you going to do about it?"

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The students have been raising another racket, and, as is frequently the case, some of them made asses of themselves, and very objectionable asses too. Yet neither the press, the police nor the people, should begin to cry for a suppression of the youthful instincts and animal spirits of the thousands of young fellows who, when they leave their books for a few hours, are apt to make more noise and occupy more space than seems to be proper. I like the students and when I hear them coming I like them so well that I give them plenty of room, for I know how I used to act myself, and I don't care to try to carry a silk hat through any such procession. They are all right. The exuberance which makes them disagreeable to people of a retiring disposition, is only a portion of that energy which is to make them great if they ever achieve greatness. If we are to have a college city we must give the boys a chance, and if the boys are to have a chance they must not abuse it. The way to make a crowd of students act uproariously is to crowd them on the street. The way to make them behave themselves is to give them a proper show and when they go too far, appeal to them as an organization to suppress the rowdies who disgrace their ranks, and it will be done. All noisy students are not rowdies any more than all rowdies are noisy students, and I would respectfully suggest to the boys that they haze or in some way subdue the Freshies and Smart Alecks who get the whole fraternity into disgrace.

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I see the papers are making fun of the Mexican Government's tariff reprisal upon the United States. Now it must not be supposed that the Mexican trade is worthless or the Mexican people few, or the wealth of their country inconsiderable. It is the habit of the majority to ridicule the "Greaser," as the Mexican is called, but this term applies only to a hybrid race in New Mexico. The supposition that the foreign trade of Mexico is not worth fighting for is based on ignorance. England and Germany have long had precedence in what was once the land of the Aztecs, the traders of those countries frequently giving the Mexican merchant from six to eighteen months credit, and, despite the reputation of the Mexican for dishonesty, finding it profitable. In that country no man is so hated as the "Gringo," the Yankee; they have not forgotten Monterey. They are imitative. I remember when I first went in there I paid $56.66 duty on an old baggage wagon which cost me $50 in Kansas City. The protective idea has been extant for many years; they charged ten cents per yard duty on white cotton worth six cents, thirteen or fourteen years ago, and if infant industries are protected anywhere they are in Mexico and they stick to it. Those who imagine that the duty on cattle and grain is an ephemeral measure will find themselves mistaken. The whole of Mexico would starve, from Porfirio Diaz, the President, down to the humblest peon, before they would pay a cent of tribute to Yankeedom. It is a great country with climate and scenic accessories such as I would imagine the gods would choose, and from the antiquities which present themselves to the traveler, it has evidently been the abode of either the gods or those who believed in them.

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The recent convention at Brantford of Sunday school workers oddly enough crystallized an idea of mine more than once expressed, that being religious by proxy has been carried to such an extent that paid Sunday school teachers is the next thing to be expected. Mr. L. C. Peake advocated the establishment of normal schools for Sunday school teachers. This is in entire harmony with the proxy idea. We hire preachers to tell us what we believe, to pray for us and tell us how to be good, salaried singers praise for us the God from whom all blessings flow and Sunday school pedagogues train our children to abstain from crime and behave themselves generally. Religious training of the juvenile idea is nearly all done in Sunday schools at present because parents are too careless or too lazy and there are many who would like the task relegated to the secular schools in order to make it still easier for themselves. If it is proper to delegate our religious duties as parents to Sunday school teachers or day school teachers, it is fitting that such teachers should be properly trained, and if properly trained they must be paid, and at this point Mr. Peake's idea looms up as eminently right. Can't the thing be carried a little further? Some people find themselves embarrassed at personal prayer in the privacy of their closet or by their bedside, as the case may be. Recollections of little transactions during the past day make them feel reluctant in approaching the throne of grace. Why should not trained petitioners be provided by each church, who, under contract, would agree to present the claims and desires of the parishioners to the Almighty, thereby becoming, as it were, attorneys at the Supreme Court of the Universe for sinners who desire to file their claim or prove an alibi. Such a profession would be profitable. Those lacking in eloquence or argumentative faculties would be glad to engage a professional supplicant, and I can't see why, if this proxy idea has anything in it, that an eloquent petitioner who could present the facts in proper shape and be conclusive in his statements should not earn fees greater than those paid in any secular court. To facilitate this idea I suggest an Osgoode Hall to properly train the spiritual attorneys in their profession. If this idea is carried to its proper conclusion, mankind will have nothing to do but support the churches and Sunday schools, and, after hiring an attorney-at-prayer, be as wicked as is possible within legal limits. Truly the progress of the century is something wonderful.

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The rumor, which is, perhaps, poorly founded, that Mr. W. R. Meredith is to be taken into Sir John's cabinet and prepared for the Dominion leadership, pleases me. William Ralph Meredith is one of the most lovable men and cleanest politicians in America. Anything that suggests his promotion or the elevation of politics to the point where he could be a factor in the cleansing and government of this country should be hailed by everybody as desirable. Should Sir John die—and it must be admitted that his years cannot be many—Mr. Meredith is the only man in the Conservative ranks in the province of Ontario who is generally trusted and who could carry Ontario. That this must be important in deciding the question of the leadership seems to me a fact.

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The king of Holland has been declared physically fit, but mentally unfit, to reign. How well this applies to the majority of Toronto aldermen.

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The Mimico boomers are at it again. Those who remember what I wrote some time ago with regard to suburban filibustering, cannot forget the fulfilment of my predictions with regard to the effect upon legitimate investors in real estate in Toronto proper. Circumstances have not changed in any way to make

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me feel sorry for my statements, and I feel sure that those really concerned in the permanent prosperity of the city, must hope that the revival of the Mimico boom will prove a failure.

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I believe as a rule Toronto people take their holidays at the wrong time of the year. Except for those who are fond of fishing and camping our city is as pleasant a place for summering as any I know of, but when we have such winters as old Probs has been giving us for the past few years, there is much to be complained of particularly by people who are not over strong. At this time of the year what would be pleasanter than to fly from the cold rains and raw winds to some sunnier clime and amidst orange groves, banana trees and pine-apple plantations, enjoy a second summer. Of course those whose means are limited could enjoy a summer holiday in Muskoka, camping on the Island or the shores of the lakes, while it is impossible for them to travel the great distance necessary to find tropical warmth in the winter. But there are many who are substantially rich who never think of going away for the winter, many middle aged business men who have had their noses at the grindstone since their youth and have now no necessity for protracting their toil, but stay at home and shorten their days on the plea that they can't leave their business. This excuse would be enough perhaps to those who are wedded to the making of money were it not that their inattention to their health and the possibilities of rest and recuperation, shorten their lives and then they have to leave everything behind them with no chance of coming back in the spring. Then again, the wives of these men deserve better treatment than they get, for to no one is a tropical winter more grateful than to the worn-out woman who has suffered all sorts of deprivations in order to make the fortune which is now spent on a big house and other things which worry rather than rest a spirit which sighs for peace more than for excitement.

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Travel too is broadening and as an educator has no rival. Many parents who have delicate children fear to take them out of school and go south with them for the winter, when as a matter of fact they would acquire more knowledge by seeing strange people and places than they could obtain at school in two or three years; and there is a certain polish and eass which comes of an acquaintance with the world and this can be had more easily by travel than in any other way. It is a popular error that this portion of training should come after a wide knowledge of books has been obtained. I am thoroughly convinced that those who see something of the world in their youth will find a greater meaning in what they read, will remember it better, and put it to far greater use than those who after their habits are formed and their system saturated with prejudices, go abroad to criticize instead of to learn.

* *

Toronto should be both glad and sorry that Montreal has become interested in the redistribution of seats in the Federal Parliament. If Toronto had her share we would have nine members—and we would have had our representation largely increased had not the Government felt sure that Montreal would make further demands. As Quebec is the basis of representation for the Dominion, it is very difficult for Montreal to get its fair share, it being impossible to increase the total number of members elected in that Proviace. This seems however, a poor reason why Toronto should have but three for nearly two hundred thousand people, while London has one for less than twenty thousand, Hamilton has two for fifty thousand, Kingston one for not much more than fifteen thousand, and the basis of the rural constituencies is about twenty thousand. Montreal should not be made our pattern. If it is rep. by pop., let it be so. Urban electors are quite as intelligent as those in rural communities, and there is no reason why a vote in Tamarac township should be four times as influential in electing a member of parliament as a vote in Toronto. Toronto has always been so loyal to Sir John that he feels that he is privileged to overlook our claims, and he overlooks them continuously, sometimes, it seems to us, almost contemptuously. On the other hand, Toronto has always been so unitedly and consistently opposed to Mr. Mowat that he has arranged our representation so that we really have but one member. The minority representative is elected by act of Parliament, and his vote cancels one of the two elected by the people, thus practically leaving us but one. There is no doubt that we are the worst represented city in the Dominion both as to numbers and men. Our members fight for the Government instead of for us and we get left and will continue to get left until we speak in a different tone of voice to our political friends and make a much stronger fight against our political enemies. DON.

Social and Personal.

Miss Marjorie Campbell's first reception of this season was a most delightful one. The guests were received by Miss Campbell, assisted by Miss Strange, Commander Law and Mr. Harcourt Vernon. Excellent music was a marked feature of the reception, and refreshments were served in the prettily-decorated ball-room, which was carpeted for the occasion. Miss Campbell's gown was a simply-fashioned one of white nun's veiling with trimmings of gold passementerie, and she carried a cluster of roses and maiden hair fern. Among those present were Mrs. Mowat, Lady Cartwright, Miss Cartwright, Mrs. Allan Cassels, Hon. G. W. Allan, Mrs. Langton, Mrs. C. R. W. Biggar, Mrs. Heward, Mrs. Edin Heward, Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mrs. A. Munro Grier, Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins, Mrs. and Miss Hodgins, Miss Morrison, Mrs. and Miss Beardmore, the Misses Beatty, Miss Cosby and Mrs. Sweatman.

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Mr. T. G. Blackstock of Sherbourne street entertained a number of friends at dinner on Tuesday evening, prior to his departure for England.

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J. K. Kerr gave a dinner party on Thursday of last week. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski, Miss Woterspoon of Quebec, Miss Fitzgibbon, Mrs. Blackstock, Mr. Gamble, Mr. Scott, Mr. Casimir Dickson and Mr. Cronyn.

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Mrs. Wragge welcomed guests to afternoon tea on Friday.

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Cards are issued for a dance to be given by the commandant and officers of the School of Infantry on November 19.

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Mrs. Alexander Cameron gave a large At Home on Monday afternoon; she was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Eber Ward, her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Alfred Cameron and Miss Helen Hugel of Port Hope, Mrs. Cameron, was handsom ly attired in rich black duchesse satin; Mrs. Eber Ward, in a parisian robe of silver gray and corn color silk most artistically combined; Mrs. Alfred Cameron, wore white and canary color; and Miss Hugel, white and gold embroidery. The music was a rare treat being professionals of the highest standing. Amongst the very many who accepted Mrs. Cameron's hospitality were: Mrs. Banks, Mrs. Langmuir, Mrs. A. Langmuir, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Small, Miss Walker, Mrs. J. Foy, Miss Smith, the Misses Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, Miss Armour, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. and the Misses Beatty, Judge and Mrs. McDougall, Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Bickford, Mrs. Torrance, Mr. Greene, Mrs. James Crowther, the Misses McKellar, Mrs. Anglin, Mrs. Cosby, Miss Hoskins, Mr. A. Hoskins, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mr. P. Hodgins, the Misses Hugel, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra and the Misses Cawthra, Mrs. W. Bruuse, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. and Miss Beardmore, Mrs. Dawson, Miss Crooks, and Mrs. Cumberland.

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Mrs. Cecil Lee gave an afternoon tea on Tuesday, November 4, which was very enjoyable. Among those present were Mrs. Willis Ince, the Misses Goderham, the Misses Beatty, Miss Beamont, Mrs. Arthurs and Miss Greene.

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Mrs. Rutherford of Jarvis street welcomed a large number of friends to an At Home on Saturday last. Among those present were Miss Marjorie Campbell, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Alexander Cameron, Miss Dupont, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Rev. G. M. Milligan, Mrs. Bickford, Miss Bickford, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Miss Fanny Smith, Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin, Mrs. and Miss Hoskins, Miss Bunting, Miss Michie, Miss Alice Fuller, Mrs. George Crawford, Mrs. Joseph Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mr. George Michie, Mr. Pipon, Mr. Ross, Mr. Cawthra, Mr. Hodgins, Mr. Griffin, Major Harrison, Mr. Spratt and Mr. Edward Bickford.

Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth of Madison Avenue welcomed a small company to a dance on Tuesday evening.

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Mrs. J. K. Osborne of Brantford is the guest of Mrs. Fraser Macdonald on Avenue Road.

On Hallowe'en the members of the Caledonia Society of Toronto held their annual dinner at the Walker House. A sprig of heather was proudly worn by each one present, and the company marched to the dining-hall to national music proceeding from the skillfully managed bagpipes. Toasts and songs went the rounds and the loyal Scotsmen dispersed at an early hour in the morning satisfied that they had kept the evening in a fitting way.

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The Grenadier Assemblies are much talked of and the first one held last evening was certainly deserving of all praise. A full account will be given in next week's issue.

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Thursday evening of last week the opening conversazione of the Ontario Society of Artists was held in their new rooms on King street. A good musical programme was rendered as an initiatory to the dance numbers which followed. Among those present were: Hon. G. W. Allan, Mrs. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. F. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. Wakefield, Miss Mabel Drewes of Waddington, N. Y., Mr. James Smith, R.C.A., Miss Amy Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ahrens, Miss Baywell, Mr. and Mrs. James Murray, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. Boyes, Mr. John Maclean, Miss May Walker, Mr. and Mrs. J. McPheese Ross, Mr. Bruenish, Mr. Litner Frantz, Mr. G. A. Dartnell, jr., Mr. E. C. Stone, Mr. G. Ross, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr. J. F. Thomson, Mr. Eustace G. Bird, Mr. W. M. Fahey, Mr. D. McLennan, Mr. G. A. Reid, R.C.A., Mr. and Mrs. H. Martin, Principal and Mrs. Dickson, Mr. G. P. Scholfield, Mrs. Carr, Mr. H. E. Munn, Mr. James McDonald, Mr. Henry R. Alley, Mr. Ernest Wiliby, Mr. C. H. Acton Bond, Mr. Andrew Darling, Miss Langstaff, Mr. J. A. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, Miss Barton, Miss Staunton, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Staunton, Mrs. Eedred, Mr. R. L. O'Brien, R.C.A., Mrs. John Taylor, the Misses Taylor, Mr. W. A. Houston, Mr. and Mrs. C.T. Long, Miss May Hughes, Mrs. Goff, Miss Gerrard of Cleveland, Miss Temple, Miss Ada Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Beattie, Mr. J. W. McCullough, Mr. F. C. Galbraith, Mr. E. A. Begg, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, Mr. G. McCrae, Mr. Fred Strauss, Mr. J. McGee, Mr. J. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Clark, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Reilly, Mr. T. C. L. Ketchum, Mr. and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, Capt. Beatty, Mr. C. S. White, Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Holmstead, Mr. P. F. Crozin, Mr. Cyril N. Armstrong, Mr. J. J. Ashworth, Mr. McKendry, Mr. Anderson, Mr. G. A. H. Fraser, Mr. C. A. Ross, Mr. W. C. Lee, Mr. and Miss Frisby of Port Hope, Mr. W. C. Noxon, Mr. F. B. McMahon, Mr. R. M. Thompson, Mr. R. J. Hawkes, Mrs. R. Walsh, Miss Whitney, Mr. W. M. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Howland, Mrs. and Miss Aylesworth, Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, Miss Langtry, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bell-Smith, Mr. R. F. Gagen, Miss Finley of Port Hope, Miss Rose of Lindsay, Miss B. Kingsmill, Dr. and Mrs. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mr. J. C. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Neville, Mr. and Mrs. C. Long, Miss M. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Croll, Mr. E. C. and the Misses Rutherford, the Misses Temple, Mr. W. Revell, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Forbes, Mr. W. A. Sherwood.

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Rev. G. M. Milligan entertained a number of Queen's College students at dinner on Saturday of last week.

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Mrs. James Crowther gave a card party to about forty guests on Friday evening of last week. It was given in honor of the Misses Armour of Cobourg.

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Mrs. W. H. Beatty Queen's Park has issued invitations for a large ball to be held at Webb's on Thursday evening, November 13.

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Mrs. Willie Brouse of Grange avenue welcomed a number of ladies to an afternoon tea on Wednesday. Among those present were Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Delaware, Miss Chewett, Miss Greene, Mrs. Percy Galt, Mrs. John Foy, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Miss Fanny Smith, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Dunbar, Miss Gooderham, Mrs. Cecil Lee, Miss Walker, Mrs. Brouse, Miss Fanny Brouse, and Mrs. Archie Langmuir.

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Miss Beaumont of Yorkshire, England, is the guest of the Misses Beatty of Queen's Park.

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Mr. Harvey Smith of Battleford is the guest of his father, Hon. Frank Smith, during a leave of absence.

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Mrs. Drayton of Bloor street East gave a delightful dance on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Drayton's gown was of brown and cream; Miss Drayton, white with white roses; Miss Campbell, black net and pink roses; Mrs. Strange, white net ornamented with jet gold ribbon and white flowers; Mrs. Eden Heward, black lace and diamonds; Miss Hoskins, white lace dress with trimmings of pale green silk and white flowers; Miss Walker, pale blue net with yellow rose petals; Mrs. J. Scott, pink silk, white Venetian lace and white feathers; Mrs. Cecil Gibson, yellow net and daisies; Mrs. Brouse, pale blue silk and lace, ornaments, pearls; Mrs. James Crowther, dove-gray silk with steel trimmings; Miss Cawthra, pale blue satin with turquoise ornaments; Miss Lena Cawthra, pink satin and pearls; Miss Winstanley, yellow silk and net; Miss Parsons, white net and moire ribbons; Miss Bunting, white silk and net with moire ribbons; Miss Arthurs, black and pink; Miss Amy Rutherford, white fish net and ribbons; Mrs. H. K. Merritt, salmon pink and white silk with diamond ornaments; Miss McLean Howard, pink silk and tulle; Miss Alexander Cameron, silvery white brocade and diamonds; Mrs. C. Baines, black net and silk with jet and scarlet ornaments; Miss Covernton, amber satin and diamonds; Mrs. Jarvis, black net and cream roses; Miss Morgan, blue silk.

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Miss Helen Gregory left for Japan last week from Vancouver, B.C. She bears with her letters of introduction from the Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Lorne to the British Minister at Tokio, also letters to the Swedish and Norwegian Ambassador, the Bishop of the Anglican Church, Yokohama, and other persons of note who can be of assistance to her in getting information for her literary work.

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A successful impromptu dance was given by Mrs. Charles Powell of Wellington place on Wednesday of last week.

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Miss N. White of Hamilton was the guest of Miss Ida Powell of Wellington place last week.

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The genial countenance of our well-known townsman, Mr. J. Fraser Bryce, illuminated once again the studio on King street. Mr. Bryce, as has already been reported, was married on October 28, to Miss L. E. Rogers at St. John's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. His wedding tour included Washington, Philadelphia and other eastern cities. Mr. and Mrs. Bryce arrived in Toronto on Monday last, and will be at home to their friends at the Arlington Hotel. SATURDAY NIGHT joins in the chorus of good wishes.

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A quiet wedding took place at St. Luke's church on Thursday morning, when Mr. H. P. Davies was wedded to Alice Bloor Rice, the ceremony being performed by the groom's father, Rev. Dr. Davies. After the wedding a reception was held at the residence of her mother on Bloor street, and Mr. and Mrs. Davies left soon after for a tour through the Southern States and New York city. While away they will be the guests of Colonel Hinman of Columbus, Ohio.

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Hon. David Mills of London was in town this week.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Walker of this city sailed a week ago to-day from Havre for home, after a three months' visit to Great Britain and the continent. In Rome they were the guests of General Porter and his daughter Miss Annie Porter, the American ambassador to Italy. Miss Porter will visit Toronto next year.

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I have heard rumors of a large dance to be given in the Trinity Convocation Hall by the Cricket Club, and judging from the success of the dance given by Mrs. Strachan in this same hall last year, the affair will in all likelihood be most enjoyable. It will probably occur within a month's time.

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Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

On Wednesday afternoon a quiet wedding was solemnized at the residence of Mrs. Logie of Markland street, when Mary, eldest daughter of the late Judge Logie, was married to Dr. Reynolds, assistant superintendent of the asylum for the insane. None but the relatives of both were present. The bride looked charming in a brown tweed travelling gown, with hat to match. Miss A. B. Logie acted as bridesmaid and was attired in a gown of pale blue china silk. Mr. Joan Senkler of St. Catharines was best man. Rev. Dr. Laidlaw performed the ceremony, and after the wedding a delicious breakfast was served. Of course the presents were numerous and handsome, the bride being a great favorite here. The happy couple left mid showers of rice and old shoes, for New York and other eastern cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Wylie of Almonte are the guests of Mrs. Logie of Markland street.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather that prevailed on the evening of the first of the *debutantes* dances it seemed to have little effect on those who were invited to the residence of Mrs. John Billings on Thursday evening. The dance was given in honor of Miss Eva Billings, her second daughter. The arrangements throughout were perfect. Music, dancing rooms and supper were excellent to say nothing of the gowns worn.

Miss Rogers of Dunn is the guest of Mrs. William Bell of Wentworth street.

Miss Barr of Brantford is the guest of Miss Turner of Hughson street.

The dance given by Mrs. Gillard of Undercliffe, on Friday evening, Oct. 31, was voted an immense success and though there were a great many people present, it did not stop the dancing, which was a little crowded at first. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers, all the mantel-pieces being banked with dahlias and ferns. The music was furnished by five of the XIII. Band, and was delightful.

Miss Hyman of London is the guest of Mrs. Garrett.

Miss Hobart of New York is the guest of Mrs. Billings, Jackson street.

Miss Nettie Martin of Cayuga is the guest of Mrs. B. Martin, Upper John street.

Mrs. J. J. C. Thomson and Mrs. Howden left for England on the Majestic on Wednesday morning. They will remain there about three months.

Miss Mamie Wylie of Almonte is the guest of Mrs. Logie, Markland street.

Miss Nora Clench our talented Canadian violinist is in town for a few days the guest of Mrs. Cummings, Main street.

On Saturday evening a party consisting of Messrs. George Hendrie, M. Riley and Wilkins of Detroit, accompanied by C. J. Jones and Leggatt of Hamilton, left for Muskoka where they camp every fall to enjoy deer hunting and partridge shooting. They expect to remain in the wilds for about three months.

Miss Walker gave a tea in honor of Miss Kilby of the Vokes Company on Tuesday afternoon.

On Tuesday evening a dance was given by Mrs. Findlay of Emerald street, the occasion being the coming out of Miss Violet Findlay their second daughter. Miss Violet Findlay wore a gown of silk and lace with bouquet of white roses. Miss Findlay wore a gown of black silk with steel. Among those present were the Misses Turner, Miss Barr of Brantford, Miss MacKay, Miss Hendrie, Miss Macdonald, Miss Watson, Miss Wylie, Miss Howard, Miss Bruce, Miss Dunlop, Miss Dewar, Miss Barker, Miss Fuller, Miss Billings, Miss Hobart Miss Marks, Miss Bell, Miss MacNider, Miss Hyman, Miss Gillespie and Messrs. Gansby, Garrett, Gates, Bruce, Harvey, MacInnes, N. Bruce, Gillespie, Billet, Logie, Baxter, Brecken, Ryan, J. Harvey, Faithful, Stewart, Ammery, and many more.

Mrs. Frank Mackelcan gave a supper party in honor of the Vokes Company after the theatre on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Proctor of King street East have returned from their annual trip to their shooting-box in Scotland where they have spent the last three months.

Miss Tremaine of Buffalo is the guest of Mrs. Lottridge Blackaston Bay street.

Rev. Hartley Carmichael's friends will welcome him back here next Sunday, when he will preach for Rev. Mr. Curran at St. Thomas' church. Mr. Carmichael was a great favorite here and was much beloved by his people, he is now at Richmond, Virginia.

Mrs. Sutherland of Montreal is the guest of Mrs. Jarvis, Upper James street.

The Misses Ramsay returned from England Tuesday.

Cards are out for a dance to be given by Mrs. Parker, of Green hill, James street, on November 14th.

Mrs. Leggatt gave a charming afternoon tea on Monday.

Miss Queenie Crerar, second daughter of Mr. John Crerar, left for England this week to attend school. SYLVIA.

ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS

For $2.00 we send a copper plate, finely engraved, with 50 cards. Estimates furnished for Wedding Invitations, Street Dies, Crests and Stamping. We employ only the best workmen and use the finest cards, and guarantee satisfaction.

James Bain & Son
FINE STATIONERS
39 King Street East, Toronto

WONDERFUL! ASTONISHING!
DANCING
TAUGHT AS IF BY MAGIC!
GENTLEMEN ARE TAUGHT
TWELVE DANCES
IN NINE CLASS LESSONS, MOREOVER
IN THREE LESSONS
LADIES (PRIVATE PUPILS) DANCE
Eight Round Dances
"QUALITY" THE BEST—"QUANTITY" THE GREATEST
Classes for Both Sexes, Old or Young
N.B.—Positively no more new pupils will be admitted to the Saturday Morning Juvenile Class—50 pupils in it now —new pupils (misses and masters) may join in the Saturday afternoon class—2 to 4. Large, smooth, Georgia pine floor in the new academy, 102 Wilton avenue, corner of Mutual street.
33rd YEAR IN TORONTO—16,000 PUPILS
PROF. JNO. F. DAVIS

THE MART
ESTABLISHED 1834
HIGHLY IMPORTANT SALE
OF
Eastern Rugs and Carpets
Bulgarian Embroideries
Tunisian Curtains
Hamsi Hami Porteries, Etc

The subscribers are pleased to announce a very select consignment of the above Eastern productions from Messieurs ALIBADJAKLADI, of Constantinople, to be sold by auction at our rooms, "THE MART," King Street East,
Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 12 & 13
COMPRISING
Oriental Rugs, Carpet and Palace Strips, Beautiful Embroidered Table and Cushion Covers, Antimacassars, Doylies, Tidies, Panels, Mantel Drapery, Table Centers,
ETC. ALSO
Tunisian, Smyrna, Boulacan, Salonica, Damascus, Halepand Hamsi Hami Curtains and Portieres
We have authority from the owners to state that this consignment has been specially selected for this city, with the object of placing before the residents of Toronto the very best class of CARPETS and NEEDLEWORK in the Orient.

Goods on View Saturday, Nov. 8
SALE EACH DAY AT TWO O'CLOCK
Oliver Coate & Co.
AUCTIONEERS.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

SOLE AGENTS FOR
Felice Paris
JUST ARRIVED—A large and well-selected stock of Evening Fans, Swede Gloves, Glace Gloves, Men's Gloves, R. and G. Corsets in every style. Milliery, Mantles, Dressmaking. WM. STITT & CO., 11 and 13 King Street East, Toronto.

THE TORONTO ART GALLERY, WITH dressing and smoking rooms, is available for "Private Balls," "At Homes," "Receptions" Rent—Afternoons, $20; evenings, $35. Apply GEO. C. DOWNES, at the Gallery.

ELOCUTION
MR. GRENVILLE P. KLEISER
May be engaged for "Evenings of Readings" and partial programmes. Repertoire embraces:
Dramatic, Serious and Humorous Recitations
Terms and particulars on application. Permanent address— 4 King St. East, Toronto, Canada.

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TOURS OF EVERY VARIETY
TRANSATLANTIC
LOW RATES NOW IN FORCE
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
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N. G. LLOYD S. S. LINE
Patronized by those who desire comfort with excellence
Fast route to Southampton, London, and Continent.
S S Saale.....Wednesday, Nov. 12
S.S. Ems.....Saturday " 15
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Sixty hours from New York, THURSDAYS
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CIGARS
Packed in the following sizes:

Longfellow	- -	25 in a box
Perfecto	- -	25 and 50 " "
Bouquet	-	25 " "
Reina Victoria	-	50 " "
Lansdowne	- -	50 " "
Pins	- - -	50 " "

This is unquestionably the finest brand of cigars in the market. Mild, rich and mellow. Superior to imported at much higher prices.
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41 KING STREET WEST
Is now showing the latest novelties in
English, French and American Millinery
Have just received a full assortment of AMERICAN VEILINGS. Choice assortment of EVENING FANS in Ostrich Feathers and Gauze, just received.
SPECIAL
The Dressmaking department is now complete with a select stock of dress materials, suitable for afternoon and evening wear
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

HAREM
(Not the Sultan's)
CIGARETTES
YILDIZ
CIGARETTES
The Finest Turkish Cigarettes
IN THE MARKET.
TRY THEM

Foudoir Gossip.

What a terrible thing it is to be cornered in a place where there are but two evils—the polite lie and the rude truth! Things are this way with me: Some time ago I wrote strongly in favor of plain stationery, and a Maiden in Brown sends me word that she has used fancy paper in her correspondence with me. My dear little friend I don't like it. I can't fib; but I do like you, and I probably would not like you half so well if you agreed with me in all things.

Your long letter was quite a delight to me. I did not think as I passed Sunday's rainy hours in the most approved style of laziness, that any one could summon sufficient energy to write an entertaining letter, but you did.

So you mark your books, too? Well, I am glad, for you must enjoy them. I read Lucille long ago, but the book was not mine and I am afraid I did not keep even one fine passage.

You remind me of another girl whom I know intimately. She lays large plans but often accomplishes a grievously small part of the projected work. Perhaps you under-rated yourself, but at all events I may say to you that nothing can come from half-hearted work. You are talented and music is so dear an accomplishment that even for the pleasure of others you should make it a success. I am sorry about the story—better luck next time! When next you write me address Clip Carew and I will come upon your letter in better time.

•

A lately developed whim of Dame Fashion's is the tying of rose clusters with broad ribbons in green which exactly matches the foliage of the lovely flowers.

Brides this month are carrying nosegays of white chrysanthemums.

Furs are declared to be fashionable only when "fancy mixed."

House gowns must train. It is not necessary to carry yards of dust-gathering material, except for state occasions; but the back breadths must touch the floor and lie on it in tumbled folds, which constitute all the elegance of artistic disorder.

A new style of lace pin is a knife edge setting with a spray of gold mistletoe leaves and a cluster of berries in white and faintly green-tinged pearls.

The old-fashioned ear-rings which our mothers wore long ago, pulling the tender lobes into wrinkled ugliness, have lain away for some time. Some of us have used them, to be sure, and, invoking the jeweller's aid, fashioned them into long lace-pins or the ever-useful single ones; but now some wise girl has gathered the relics of barbarism from all her relatives, and had them fastened together for a bracelet. In this enterprising age we lose the use of very little, and really, ingenuity can create wonders even where there is a discouraging dearth of material.

Leather, decorated with brass tacks, brass hooks and brass spangles holds an unrivalled position in fashionable favor for fancy work. It is unmistakably pretty, rather novel, and a treasure as regards wear.

It is a new thing to have slippers silver-plated—not for wearing of course, but to set on one's toilette table. A bride keeps the old slipper which clung to the carriage step on her marriage morn, and when the first brightness has worn off her wedding-ring, she takes the treasured slipper from her dresser drawer and orders it silver-plated.

The mother has baby's first shoe, with its wrinkled little sides and worn toes, covered with silver, and perhaps she drops her rings into it at night and prays that the little foot which once rested there may not stray very far from truth and right.

•

Jacob writes me:

"MY FRIEND CLIP CAREW,—This day being especially sharp and wintry, we fancy you comfortably seated in your cosy room near the drawing-room, your feet on the fender and a cup of tea in hand. Having returned from town, you are relating to your adoring husband while he shares the refreshing beverage your adventures. Now, my brother Abraham agrees with me that you are a little unjust in your criticisms in one case. If the last mentioned person who rang the car-bell was sharp, have pity for her. She may have been disappointed and compelled to live in the midst of nephews and nieces who despised her or were saucy, or among friends who thought her estate a little—nay, infinitely lower than that of her happily married sisters. Would it not be better to extend a friendly hand, a smile of welcome, to cheer her desolate life. When Darby comes in and calls you his dearest, the loveliest woman on earth, with more endearing names too numerous to mention, let your heart soften to your less fortunate sister, and she will doubtless ring car bells, door bells, and tea bells with the finest modulation. There, too, is the puzzled old lady. My heart is very tender toward her. Please advise the young people to jump up and ring the bell for her, and blessings will come to their young lives. Now I am in a puzzle. I am almost tempted to court one of those so-called forsaken people whom the world kindly calls old maids. As I say it there rises before my mental vision the picture of Katharine Wolf, who with a royal fortune and a royally generous heart, donated her gallery of beautiful paintings to the Metropolitan Art Gallery in Central Park, New York. She belonged to the band of those who lived a single life. And the troop keeps rising before me, but the day wanes and I must say good-night, my dear friend—good-night.

"Your friend

"JACOB."

I am so very sorry that you thought I was poking fun at those who were not brisk on the street car. Indeed, I am careful what I say about single blessedness. There is no Darby, dear friend, and I call my wee flat the old maid's paradise, and make tea for my callers in a little black teapot, glancing full often at an etching of five of the prettiest pussies you ever saw.

•

Dear Marguerite: Have you a whole family of brothers paying a home-visit, or are you busy or lazy or cross? I am anxious to hear you gravely criticise or earnestly coincide with the things we talk of here in our own little woman's corner.

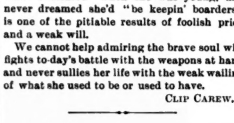
•

Preserve us all from the men or women who can't adapt themselves to circumstances, because they "used to be" rich, or clever or happy, or handsome.

Too often we bring forth the soured essences of yesterdays to embitter the life-draught we drink to-day. On one yesterday perhaps Fortune's wheel stopped at ruin, and we suffered. That should not—nay, it must not—leave us powerless to do our best to-day. The woman who prates of "better times," and tells how she was "eddicated" when she was young, and never dreamed she'd "be keepin' boarders," is one of the pitiable results of foolish pride and a weak will.

We cannot help admiring the brave soul who fights to-day's battle with the weapons at hand and never sullies her life with the weak wailing of what she used to be or used to have.

CLIP CAREW.



"Look out, Sport, dis is low ball."

Rather Unkind.

Miss Camille (the actress)—It is disappointment that drives men to drink.

Miss Critique—Yes; I noticed a great many go out between the acts at the play last night.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

They Did.

Bill Clark—If I had as much money as the Old Man I'd quit business and travel.

Ad. Collum—So would I.

Old Man (entering unexpectedly)—I guess that's what you'd better do, anyhow.—*Puck.*

The cutaway suit may almost be called the suit universal, for it is suitable to a greater variety of occasions and is more affected by all sorts and conditions of people than any other. Its convenience and comfort render it popular for business, its neatness adapts it for most social occasions, and it reaches from one end of the scale almost to the other. It is now the suit for formal dress by day. It should be worn at weddings, receptions, dinners and other formal occasions by daylight, and may be worn on any occasion but those in the evening. It may be summarized as the formal afternoon suit and the informal evening suit, for ordinary social calls, for church, for the street, for all these occasions the cutaway suit is entirely proper, though it does not by any means exclude the Prince Albert or the dress suit as regards material. It must always be borne in mind that with this suit material is of much importance; that coarse materials and bone buttons are never in place in the evening, and that the cutaway when worn socially, so to speak, must be dark and fine as to coat, while the trousers may be either dark, which is always good form, or lightish. Such are the materials and styles now being used and made up by the fashionable west end tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House block, Toronto.

Nursery Diminutives.

Reading a list of the names of girl graduates, it is impossible, owing to their general character, to associate with them the dignity and the consequence of teachers occupied with graver matters than dolls and curl papers, and with stern duties rather than with the ease and pleasures of existence. Many of these erudite young ladies sign themselves with mere pet names ending in ie, as if they had no other, and from manifest preference for the nursery diminutives. Among these are Bessie, Jennie, Nellie, Carrie, Birdie, Mamie, Addie and Fannie, no real names at all, but only appellations coined by the familiarity and tenderness of privileged relatives and intimates. What Birdie's baptismal name is we cannot guess, but the true names of the others are Elizabeth, Jane, Helen, Caroline, Mary, Adeline and Frances, all feminine designations of a distinguished history, noble, dignified and euphonious. But these girls look upon them as too homely, too old-fashioned. They think a name ending in ie is much prettier and more engaging. They insist upon using such diminutives as if they were their formal appellations, and sometimes they carry them through life, printing them on their cards and singing them to formal documents, taking them to the marriage altar and giving them for newspaper publication. They think it nice to do this, and yet in truth it is vulgar, and detracts from the estimation in which women of character, ability and dignity should be held. They invite presumptuous familiarity, and keep their bearers forever in the nursery.—*Waverley Magazine.*

THE "PROBS"

for Christmas trade this year are the best in all our experience.

With this expectation we leave this week for New York, Philadelphia, and other markets.

Our success since moving into our present premises has exceeded our most sanguine expectations, and justify us in our determination to buy more freely than ever before.

Our buying facilities are second to none, and we promise our many patrons for the Christmas trade a stock which for quality, elegance and price will be a perfect revelation.

RYRIE BROS.

JEWELERS

Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Sts

Brass Goods

INCLUDING THE NEWEST DESIGNS IN

BRASS FIRE SETS
BRASS FENDERS
BRASS COAL HODS

Gas Fires

THE BEST MAKES OF

GAS LOGS
GAS COAL FIRES
GAS HEATING STOVES

We have the largest stock of these goods in the city at the very lowest prices

McDonald & Willson

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PALMS

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The favorite plant for table and parlor decorations. Fine health plants from $1.00 up. Palms two feet high for $2 50, having imported a very large stock of Palms, we are able to sell them at a much cheaper rate than ever before offered in Toronto. Also

Choice Roses and all other seasonable flowers always on hand. Bridal Bouquets and Wedding Decorations a specialty. Floral Tributes of all kinds made on short notice.

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Fine Jewelry, Watches and Diamonds

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"PERFECT-FITTING" SHOES FOR Ladies and Children. "Solid Comfort" Shoes for tender feet. Our Waukenphasta have no equal in style and fit. Call and examine them before purchasing.

L. A. STACKHOUSE

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FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.

TEABERRY.

PRICE 25C

ZOPELCA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

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In a few days some handsome All-silk Spot Netts at 95c., double width, will be delivered to us, a direct repeat order from England. Such goods are scarce. Colored Spot Silk and Cotton Netts, 35c. to 75c. Beautiful Black Lace Flouncings and a few elegant lengths of Cream and Colored Laces for

EVENING DRESSES

Charming Bengaline Silks in many colors, embroidered and plain.

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THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE

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MISS SULLIVAN

Late of W. A. Murray & Co.

Artistic Dressmaking

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OUR SPECIALTY PURE COFFEES

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99 YONGE STREET

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FINE FURS

We have now a complete stock of Fur Goods for the coming Winter's trade.

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS

Made upon all Furs purchased or ordered during August and September

SEALSKIN GARMENTS A SPECIALTY

Fur Lined Circulars

And all the Latest Novelties in

Seal, Beaver, Persian and Astrachan Fur Capes and Muffs of all kinds

FANCY FUR RUGS

Sole Agents for Edward Miller's New York Hats—Styles Correct. Batterabys & Woodsen London Hats. We take the lead. "Send for our new Illustrated Catalogue—just issued."

JAMES HARRIS & CO.

99 Yonge Street, Toronto

Some corsets are never easy, there is always a stiffness about them and the period of breaking them in has no end. What a relief it is then, that there is at least one corset that is absolutely faultless, that fits perfectly, that needs only a trial to convince the most skeptical of its wonderful merit. Why not try it? It is surely worth while, for the money is returned if you are not satisfied, hence you run no risk.

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CROMPTON CORSET CO.

"Christmas Box."—Full of Wonderful Things 15 Portraits of Actresses and Pretty Girls, The Golden Wheel Fortune Teller, Dictionary of Dreams, Guide to Flirtation, Lovers' Telegraph, Magic Age Table, Magic Square, 300 Selections for Autograph Albums, 79 Money Making Secrets, 20 Popular Songs, 54 Tricks in Magic, 84 Conundrums, The Deaf and Dumb Alphabet, Morse Telegraph Alphabet, Calender for the current year, and our Fine new Catalogue of Xmas and New Year Toys, Books and Novelties. ALL sent to you by mail, FREE, for only 5c. silver, for postage. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.

Artistic Millinery

THE FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM

63 King St. West

(1st Floor—opp. Mail Office)

We are now showing a full assortment of Autumn and Winter novelties. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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HOME EXERCISER

(shown in above illustration) is the most perfect apparatus ever devised for indoor exercise. It is perfectly noiseless, no oil or lubrication of any kind is required, it occupies only a few inches of floor room, and can be instantly adjusted to suit the strength of any one. It can be set up anywhere ready for use in a few minutes, with the aid only of a screw driver. It is just the thing for the business man, the student, the professional man or the athlete, and is specially valuable for the use of ladies and children. Call and see it or send for price list and descriptive catalogue to F. C. ALLAN, 35 King st. West, Toronto, Agent for Ontario.

JUST OPENED

GLASSWARE—Some new and very pretty designs in Tableware, Olive and Celery Trays, Finger Bowls, Salts, Peppers, Oil Bottles, &c.

AUSTRIAN ART GLASS—Flower Bowls, Vases, Fruit Trays, &c.

Vienna Trays in Chestnut, Olive and White Wood

FRENCH CHINA—A choice selection of the latest novelties in After Dinner Coffee Cups and Saucers, After Dinner Chocolate Cups and Saucers, Afternoon Tea Cups and Saucers.

WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY

WILLIAM JUNOR

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CURLINE

DORENWEND'S

new preparation for Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the hair retains its effects for days, and is proof against wet or wind—a fine thing—and will prove itself invaluable to every lady.

Guaranteed Free of All Harmful Properties

Price 50 Cents

All druggists will shortly have it for sale; meanwhile only to be had from

A. DORENWEND

THE MANUFACTURER

Paris Hair Works,

103 and 105 Yonge Street

Ladies' Fashionable Hair-Dressing

Ladies are requested to use Telephone No. 2498 for appointments for Hair-dressing, Trimming, Singeing or Shampooing at store or at lady's own residence. After shampooing the hair is dried thoroughly by machine.

Fashionable Hair Ornaments—Real Amber and Tortoise-shell and fine cut Steel Combs, Pins and Coronets. Ladies toilet preparation for Balls, Soirees, etc., of the celebrated *Maison Ledouet Dorynet de Paris.*

Medene for removing superfluous hair like by magic, without the slightest injury to the most delicate skin. Price $1 50. Francis Armand, Coiffeur Perfumes, 407 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Telephone No. 2498.

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Our Dress Goods

Department contains a choice assortment of All-wool Plaids; select patterns and shades in Combination Dresses, Henriettas, Rough Diagonal Serges and Cheviot Tweed Suitings.

Children's Dressmaking Department, aged from 4 to 12 years, under competent management. Prices moderate.

Gloves

In the best makes of Kid, dressed and undressed, also Cashmere and Silk Gloves.

Hosiery

Ladies, Misses, Boys and Children's, in Black Silk, Wool and Cashmere, splendid values, from 15c. up.

Underwear

In Scotch Wool, Natural Wool, Merino, Cashmere and Combination Suits.

FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

WHITE LILIES.

"Kate, do wake up! The Great Mogul is going to bed at last; now's our time!"

"Time for what?"

"Oh, you little goose, you've been snoozing! Time for our expedition, of course."

"The Wilbys' skating ball!" says Tom in my sleepy ear. "Look alive—it has just struck ten! Here—I'll dab her face with a wet sponge—nothing like it for rousing people."

"You sha'n't," I exclaim, springing from my pillow—"I'm wide awake now." And so I am, my eyes wide open with excitement.

My six brothers and sisters, revealed to me by the light of a tallow candle, stand at the bed-room door listening with bated breath for the distant slam which shall proclaim that our father has shut himself into his room for the night. In another moment the welcome sound resounds through the rickety old house, and immediately there bursts from our lips a muffled "Hurrah!"

"Come along!" says Jack, half an hour later, leading the way through the dark and silent passage, and past our father's chamber door.

"As we pause for a moment outside his door, a low snore fills our palpitating hearts with delight, and in another minute we are safe downstairs in the gloom of the deserted drawing-room, from the window of which we intend making our exit into the frosty starlight night.

"Pitcher is there with the donkey-cart!" whispers Laura, peering out between the heavy curtains.

Yes, sure enough, there outside the gate stands our faithful stable-boy—alder and abettor for years in many of our youthful delinquencies—awaiting us with a small old-fashioned donkey chaise which has been the property of our family for generations, and which is to bear us all in triumph to-night to Wilby Hall, the owners of which are entertaining their skating friends on this Christmas Eve with a band, refreshments, Chinese lanterns, and general merriment.

Of course we Tempests received invitations too, for we are favorites everywhere; and equally of course they were curtly declined by Colonel Tempest, of whom everyone in the county entertains a wholesome horror; for he is rude to young and old, and does not care a fig whether he is hated or not.

"We'll stand it no longer!" Jack declared this morning, when papa announced in his great unction that we were not to go to "this Wilby tomfoolery." "Just listen to me, girls, and let us cast off the bonds of slavery forever!"

And thereupon our eldest brother unfolded to our astonished ears a scheme which at first caused our blood to run cold, then to course madly through our veins.

"Now have you all done prinking?" demands Jack, as, the moment for departure having arrived, my sisters and I crowd round the long drawing-room mirror.

Being the youngest and smallest of the four, I get ruthlessly pushed aside by my taller sisters, who survey themselves with satisfaction, as they well may. Three lovely Saxon-looking girls they are, with dainty heads with which are coiled bands of yellow hair like those for which the Tempests were famous in the days when the Edwards were kings of England.

"Oh, dear, how do I look?" I exclaim piteously, catching one brief glimpse, as I speak, of a tousled nut-brown head upon which a little white fur cap and white feather sit saucily, and of a pair of blue eyes which appear black in the uncertain light. "Oh, Jenny, shall I do?"

"There's a smut on your nose," says Jenny slowly, "and your head is like a feather-bed let loose."

"Don't tease her!" interposes Laura, who is so very lovely that she can afford to be kind.

"Don't bother your head, Katie," remarks Jessie; "while you are a disgusside of us I dare say no one will notice you."

And with this I am fain to be content. Oh, why was I not born beautiful like my sisters? My spirits revive as we spin along through the fresh cold night air, although I am awfully uncomfortable, squeezed down at the bottom of the little cart upon a heap of skates. This midnight adventure strikes me as being something so exquisite, with its taste of forbidden fruit and its imminent discovery, that nothing can suppress my excitement, and, when we jog along the carriage drive of Wilby Hall and come suddenly in view of the frozen lake, the brilliant lights, and the gay animated crowd, a half-stifled exclamation of delight escapes from my lips.

"Kate, behave yourself!" says Laura sternly, who, though as great a romp as myself in private, behaves in public with all the decorum of a young lady of fashion.

"So glad you've been able to come!" cries stout motherly Mrs. Wilby, waddling forward. "I thought the Colonel couldn't be hard-hearted on Christmas eve!"

"The Colonel doesn't know we are here," replies Jack—"he's snoring in bed—and so is your aunt Yuly. For Heaven's sake, Mrs. Wilby, never let the cat out of the bag!"—and off he goes with one of the prettiest girls on the ice, while Tom skates away with a party of schoolfellows, and my sisters vanish up the lake with chosen partners.

I am standing alone, feeling very forlorn, when somebody behind me says:

"Want your skates put on, Kate mavourneen!"

There is only one man in the world, or at any rate in Stoke Quiverley, who talks in such a calm impudent manner, as if he were the ruler of all creation, and of womankind in particular. It is Fred Lorrimer, whom I hate with all my heart one minute and love passionately the next.

I met him only eight days ago. Since then he has managed to see me about a dozen times every day. One hour he tries to make me love him; the next he treats me as if I were nothing to him. He has stolen my heart by sheer force, and seems to laugh at its angry struggles to escape from such dominion. He fascinates, then enrages me; yet he seems as if he could not bear me to be out of his sight, for he never leaves me alone if he can possibly avoid it.

A handsome dark-skinned girl is standing with her hand on his arm as I turn round to face him. It is Lydia Wilby, whom people say he intends to marry. The sight of her peerless beauty seems to raise a little demon in my breast.

"No, thank you," I reply, with dignity, sitting down upon the bank and taking up my skates—"I can do it myself."

My little white fur cap drops off as I bend my head. It is never of any use my trying to be dignified—something silly always happens!

"Do you want it put on again?" inquires Captain Lorrimer, indifferently, picking up the hat and looking down at me. "Pity to hide all that pretty hair, isn't it?"

"Yes, I do want it!" I reply pettishly, snatching it from his hand. "Good evening, Captain Lorrimer."

I try to skate away gracefully; but I am not yet an expert on the ice; and, alas! what evil fiend attends all I do? The next moment I am lying ignominiously on my face—my lip is cut, and my nose flattened.

"There, poor little girl; don't be silly again," says a voice in which I am sure I can detect a sound of smothered laughter. "You don't be dignified if you try ever so! Come and skate with me, and be your own darling little self!"

The last three words are whispered into my ear as Fred Lorrimer picks me up.

I glance up into his face, knowing that I must appear a woe-begone object, with my swollen lip, my tearful eyes and dishevelled hair. The captain is six feet high and every inch a soldier.

"Don't you want to skate with Miss Wilby?" I ask.

"Yes, dreadfully; but I feel it's my duty to look after you instead."

"Do you admire Miss Wilby?" I persist.

"Immensely! How could flesh and blood help it?"

"Oh!" I exclaim involuntarily.

"What a piteous 'Oh'! What a lot it means!"

"It doesn't—it means nothing! It is very natural you should admire Miss Wilby, and—and"—here a lump rises in my throat—"I hope you'll be happy."

"Thank you!" he says calmly.

"When are you going to propose?" I ask.

"This very night," he replies, with a smile.

"Perhaps you had better lose no time then," I rejoin, in a voice which I can scarcely believe is my own.

We are on a remote part of the lake, behind a little island, and almost in darkness. In the distance the bonfires on the banks burn brightly, the Chinese lanterns swing in the breeze, the girls and men skim along hand in hand, and the band plays "When other lips and other hearts."

I look up suddenly and bravely into Fred Lorrimer's face. What I see there brings a new joy into my heart. I forget Lydia Wilby, I forget the distant crowd, I forget my father, Colonel Tempest, sleeping unsuspectingly at home. I only know that Fred's strong arms are round me pressing me to his heart, that his lips are on my face, and that he is saying—

"I won't lose a moment, darling—I'll ask now! Will you marry me, Kate?"

"Yes!" I whisper.

Fred takes off my skates for me; and very tender is the touch of his fingers as he loosens the straps. Then he leads me, unresistingly, dazed with joy, through the dark shrubberies into a narrow lane which skirts the grounds, and, when a thick yew hedge screens us from view, he throws his arms around me, and again impresses hot lover's kisses upon my quivering lips, looking down with glad eyes into my face and murmuring sweet words such as I have never heard before.

How proud I feel each time that I look up at his soldierly figure! How joyful is the thought that he is all my own—that he loves me! What a sense of rest and peace comes over me as he talks of the days to come, when nothing shall ever part us—when his arm shall be my shield against all harm and evil, and his loving heart my solace in hours of grief or pain!

"Kate, won't you say you are sorry, little one?"

Can it be the same bright world that it seemed half an hour since? The moon has gone behind a cloud, and sheds only light enough to show me that my lover's face has grown pale and strange and stern.

We have quarrelled. The fault is mine entirely. I spoke hasty cruel words which the man who loves me did not deserve. But my evil passions are roused, and I will not own that I am the wrong. How can I, a maiden just wooed and won, step from the pedestal of happy conscious power to which my lover's homage has raised me and humiliate myself at his feet? I cannot—I will not! If he loves me so madly, he must be the one to surrender, no matter at what cost!

So I, foolish, romantic, hot-headed Kate Tempest, reason with myself; and, when Captain Lorrimer tries to take my hand in his and draw me to him, I shake it off angrily.

"Leave me alone!" I sob. "I quite agree with you that we could not live happily together. I am sure I could not love a man who has shown himself to be perfectly heartless."

"Heartless—why? Because I laughed when you said——"

"Never mind going all over it again. I dare say you thought yourself very witty; but it disgusted me. You have neither heart nor manners; you are an uncultivated boor; and, to tell you the truth, I have always thought so! You need not look at me like that—I am not afraid of you, sir!"

Until this moment my lover has not lost his temper; but now his handsome face flushes darkly.

"So've gone a bit too far, Miss Tempest," he says, in husky hurried tones. "I would not, for the asking, have a wife who has so little control over her temper about him. I shall release you from your engagement to me unless—unless"—here he looks with passionate pain at my angry indignant face—"unless you apologize to me for all you have said!"

"Never!" I cry. "Do you think I can be bribed by you? Everything between us is at an end!"

Even now he cannot let me go without one more attempt to bring about a reconciliation. He seizes me desperately in his strong arms.

"Little one," he whispers, with an expression of infinite grief and longing in his eyes, "you don't know what you are doing! Don't throw away all our happiness in this moment of madness! Say you are sorry!"

"I will not!" I reply. "It is you who have insulted me. Go—go away!"

I push him from me; and the next moment I am standing alone in the cold dark night. He has done what I commanded him to do—he has gone.

After a wild half-hour's weeping, I return to the lake, to the light of the bonfires and to the company of merry skaters. I hope fondly that my swollen eyes and flushed cheeks may pass unobserved; but I forget that I have two awful brothers, whose eyes always seem to be keenest on those occasions when it would be more convenient if they had none at all.

"Halloa, Kate—your face looks as if it had been rubbed with pumice-stone!" shouts Tom, as he darts past the little tent where I stand trying to look jovial and to swallow some hot coffee with an unconcerned air.

"Beet-root is nothing to it," says Jack, who is helping Lydia Wilby to some refreshment.

"Miss Tempest looks as if she had been enjoying herself," sneers Lydia.

"So I have," I reply stoutly, feeling that I would dance a jig—do anything, in fact—rather than that she should know that I am unhappy. "It's all the more fun, isn't it, Jack, when one thinks that, if papa knew we were here, he would be——"

"Good gracious!" gasps Jack, in a tone of such awful dismay and horror that I turn round with a start.

At a step or two from us I behold our fond parent, like the spectre at the feast. He lays one huge bony hand upon my wrist, and finishes my sentence for me.

"Play you alive! Yes; and so I will when I get you all home!"

And forthwith, to my utter humiliation, I am dragged off like a whipped child before the exulting eyes of my enemy Miss Lydia Wilby.

"Suppose he should turn up unexpectedly?" suggests aunt Yuly, feverishly brushing Laura's long hair.

"Suppose the moon should fall?" says Laura calmly.

"But he really might run down this evening for an hour or so just to see if I had kept you all locked up as he directed me," remarks aunt Yuly, shuddering at the idea.

"It isn't likely!" cried Jessie, from the other end of the bed room, where she is struggling with a cloud of tulle and silk. "He's much too fond of uncle Edwin's money to risk offending him by leaving him ill and alone in a London hotel. I'm not heartless; but what a blessing it is that uncle Elwin broke his leg just in the nick of time! If it had been a week ago or a week hence, it would have been of no use to us at all. Providence seems to have arranged it for this morning."

"At any rate," remarks Laura, "I intend to avail myself of the opportunity offered us. The Wilbys have asked us to their dance to-night, and I, for one, am going."

I glanced wistfully at Laura's lovely beaming face. Happy sister! I know of whom you are thinking as you coil up those braids of yellow hair. Laura knows that where she will be to-night there also will be found a certain Sir Philip Fletcher, a young gentleman of the county who has looked with admiring eyes upon her fair face ever since he was a lad in Eton jackets. Well, may her love-affair prosper better than mine has!

I stifle a sigh, and some one remarks:

"Katie is in the 'blues' to-night."

"No, I'm not—I'm white," I reply, attempting a feeble joke. "Ah, girls, do make haste dressing yourselves—we shall be so late!"

I am counting each moment which brings me nearer to the one when I shall enter the room to-night and once more see the man whom I treated so shamefully last evening. One question has been racking my mind all day, will he forgive me for my cruelty? I am deeply repentant now, and long to tell him so and seek his forgiveness; but perhaps, whispers my throbbing heart, it is now too late. So I stand ready dressed in pure white—for did not Fred once say he loved me in white?—and keep urging my more tardy sisters to waste not a moment of this all-too-brief night of stolen pleasure and liberty.

Perhaps never during the many scenes of forbidden revelry which have been enacted at Branksome House has such wild excitement reigned as on this evening. Papa is safe in London, summoned by a telegram; and the Wilbys' ball begins in half an hour. Almost all the household is crowded into our bedroom, where the cook may be seen pinning Jessie's fringe and the housemaid helping Jenny; while Pitcher has left his stable, and is now acting as valet to the boys in the adjoining room.

"I'm dressed! Nothing can improve me!" announces Laura triumphantly. "Why, Katie, she adds, stepping up to me, a lovely vision in a cloud of blue muslin, "I declare you look quite pretty to-night! Doesn't she, Jenny?"

"Don't make me talk," says Jenny tragically, holding her breath till her face becomes purple. "One more pull, Phœbe—never mind hurting me!"

"Gracious goodness, miss, it ain't no manner of use! I can't draw you in another pinch, not if you paid me for it!"

"Does my waist look small enough!" queries Jenny.

"Small, miss! Why, it looks just like the middle part of the little egg-biler cook biles her eggs in!"

Whether Jenny appreciates this rather doubtful compliment or not is never known; for Phœbe has to hurry downstairs to answer a vigorous pull at the front-door bell. When she appears again, it is behind a huge bouquet.

"For Miss Kate Tempest," she says, placing it in my hands, "with Captain Lorrimer's compliments."

If a bomb-shell fell straight through the ceiling, my sisters could not look more astonished.

"Well, I never!" exclaims aunt Yuly, sitting down as if rendered helpless by a heavy blow. "This is terrible! What will your father say? He will declare that it is all my fault!"

"You aly little flirt!" exclaims Jenny. "We see it all now! How did you manage it, Kate? The nicest man in the county!"

"I never saw anything half so exquisite!" says Laura, bending to sniff at the fragrant snow-white lily-bells shaded by maiden-hair. "It has come from town, of course."

"It will just match your dress," observes Jenny. "We shall be quite in the shade to-night."

"No, you won't," I reply, burying my blushing face amidst the lilies. Oh, how happy I am now! "I sha'n't think of taking it to the ball, for it would shake and spoil and withered. If I keep it carefully in water, it will live for nearly a fortnight.

"Not take it to the ball? Why, Katie, he will be offended—he will quite expect to see you with it!" declares Laura.

"I shall explain to him. He will be flattered at my prizing it so—won't he, aunt Yuly?"

"Really, dear, I can't say," replies auntie helplessly. "I've quite forgotten the manners and customs of lovers—so don't ask me."

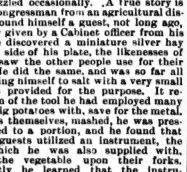
I have no more handsome vase than my bedroom jug in which to preserve my precious nosegay. I place it there, and, that done, after giving it a shy unobserved kiss, I can hardly keep still, I am so impatient while my sisters give the finishing touches to their toilettes.

"Girls!" I shout through the keyhole of my brothers' door. "Go and see if Stubbs's cab has arrived!"

We never expect to go to a ball again if we live to be ninety; so in honor of the occasion we have hired the only closed vehicle in the village, each of us contributing ninepence towards the expense. How we all do get into it is a problem which appears insolvable as the seven of us stand in the porch, while Phœbe lays down a number of old door-mats between us and the cab in order to prevent our shoes being soiled.

After much quarrelling and difference of opinion, the boys are induced to sit outside, much to the discomfiture of Stubbs, who says, "Sardines is nothin' to it!" and who consents to Tom's taking up his position on the roof only after an extra sixpence has been squeezed into his palm by Jack, with the solemn promise that repairs shall be paid for if the roof gives way—which appears probable, for it is worm-eaten with age.

(To be Continued.)



Getting it through his head.—*Life.*

The Only Pullman Sleeper for New York is via Erie Ry., leaving Toronto 4.55 p.m.

Comfort is everything while travelling and in order to obtain this little luxury, you should purchase your tickets via the picturesque Erie. You can also leave Toronto at 3.40 p.m. by the magnificent steamer, Empress of India, solid train from Port Dalhousie.

Learning by Observation.

Nowadays so many strange utensils find place on the fashionable dinner table that it requires some skill to apply each to its rightful use. The inexperienced may well be excused feeling puzzled occasionally. A true story is told of a Congressman from an agricultural district who found himself a guest, not long ago, at a dinner given by a Cabinet officer from his State. He discovered a miniature silver hay fork at the side of his plate, the likenesses of which he saw the other people use for their oysters. He did the same, and was so far all right, helping himself to salt with a very small gold spade provided for the purpose. It reminded him of the tool he had employed many a time to dig potatoes with, save for the metal. Of potatoes themselves, mashed, he was presently helped to a portion, and he found that his fellow guests utilized an instrument, the like of which he was also supplied with, to push the vegetable upon their forks. Subsequently he learned that the instrument was called a "pusher," but at the time it seemed to him nothing more nor less than a diminutive hoe, in the exact shape of which it was undeniably constructed. But there was one utensil that made him extremely nervous, inasmuch as he could not imagine for what purpose it was intended, and he was carefully guarding himself against a possible *faux pas.* For course after course he watched his fellow guests to see when they would bring the curious tool into play. It was not, however, until the asparagus came on that he saw an eminent diplomat who sat opposite pick up the silver hay rake from beside his plate and employ it to convey the vegetable to his mouth. "Well," ejaculated the congressman under his breath, "so that's what the thing is for! But why in blazes, if we're goin' into farming for the dinner table, don't we have a threshing machine to make beefsteak tender, and a mowing machine to clear off the crumbs."

Simple Diversions.

"The simple tearing up of paper into pieces or cutting it into snips with scissors is a great relief to the mind after hard work over problems, and even while trying to solve difficult ones," said a teacher of mathematics. "I have not studied out its psychological reasons, but it certainly has an influence on the mind. Time after time I have tried it with the pupils and found it had a very soothing effect when children have fretted themselves over hard problems until they have gotten into a state of nervous irritability. I tell them to just lay aside the problems for a while and tear up paper. It is astonishing how soon they get composed again. Tying strings into hard knots is another device equally very well. It certainly has restful influence. Afterward the pupil goes to the problem again really refreshed."—*Waverley Magazine.*

Expecting too Much.

Mistress—Sakes alive! You have cooked that turkey that I got for Thanksgiving, instead of the roast the butcher sent.

Servant—Sure, Oi didn't know it waz th' mate ye wanted fur to-day.

Mistress—You might have known that I wanted the turkey saved for Thanksgiving without my telling you.

Servant—Moight Oi, indade! Did yez expect fur git a hand-rader for t'ree dollars a wake!—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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Adelina Patti-Nicolini

HOW SHE RETAINS HER

Wonderfully Youthful Looks.

The newspapers far and near have voiced the opinion of the public that Adelina Patti's marvelous power of apparently resisting the destroying angel of beauty, whose name is Time, is something akin to the miraculous. "Mme. Patti," says one paper "is, as everybody knows, forty-seven years of age, but she has the figure and the complexion of a girl. Her skin is fair and without blemish, and on the closest inspection no evidence of cosmetics appears. How she preserves it is a mystery." When Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer read the above she smiled, and producing a file of thirty or more letters, all of which were not only signed but entirely in the handwriting of the great prima donna, Mrs. Ayer said: "For years Mme. Patti has used the Recamier Toilet Preparations, and to them she owes her truly remarkable skin. Here," said Mrs. Ayer, "is one very good example of Mme. Patti's letters to me on this subject," and I read the following:

CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE, Oct. 13, 1887.

"MY DEAR MRS. AYER—There never has been anything claiming to be a meritorious Toilet Preparations; my skin is so immensely improved by their use, I need not dread old age while these magic inventions of yours exist. I use Cream, Balm and Lotion every day of my life, and could not exist comfortably without them. Recamier Soap is perfect. It far surpasses all toilet Soaps. I hear that the Princess of Wales is delighted with the Recamier Preparations. I am convinced they are the greatest boon ever invented. I could not comfortably endure a day without them."

ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI.

"The articles mentioned in Mme. Patti's letter are known as Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Recamier Toilet Preparations, as follows:

Recamier Cream, for tan, sunburn, pimples, &c. Price $1.50.

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They are now for sale in Canada at New York Prices.

If your Druggist or Dealer can not supply you order direct from the Canada offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal, P.Q., and 50 Wellington St. East, Toronto.

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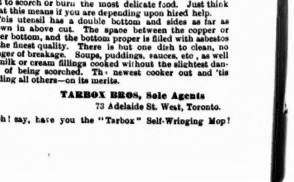

Not to scorch or burn the most delicate food. Just think what this means if you are depending on a stove. This utensil has a double bottom and sides as far as shown in above cut. The space between the copper or outer bottom, and the bottom proper is filled with asbestos of the finest quality. There is but one dish to clean, no danger of breakage. Soups, puddings, sauces, etc., as well as milk or cream fillings cooked without the slightest danger of being scorched. The newest cooker out and the leading all others—on its merits.

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Nettie's Trial.

A lovers' quarrel! They are not uncommon, they do not always bring life-suffering or even remorse; but Nettie Ray, standing in the summer-house at Alton Hill, and hearing the first harsh words that had ever greeted her from Stephen Rockhill's lips, felt as if all her life's happiness was gone.

For the words were:

"Unless you can tell me why you were at the quarry on Wednesday evening, and who it was you met there, you and I must part."

And, in reply she could only say:

"I cannot tell you. If you will not trust me, we must part."

"Trust you!" was the furious answer. "Trust a girl who has assured me again and again she loved me, who has no male relative, father or brother, and yet meets a man in a mysterious place after dark! How can I trust you, when you refuse all explanation?"

"I know appearances are against me, but I do not deserve a reproach."

But Stephen would not believe this, and so they parted: he to stride down the road, boiling with rage, she to sink down upon the rustic chair in the summer-house, lean upon the table, and weep bitterly.

Grief would have its way at first, but, after a fit of sobbing, little Nettie lifted her pretty face, and took herself to task.

"This is my gratitude," she thought, "that at the first sacrifice I make I cry like a baby and am heart-broken. But—Oh, Stephen! if you only trusted me!"

She thought over one by one the benefits she owed to Marion Alton Raymond, her cousin. Five years before, when Nettie was only fifteen, she had been left orphaned and penniless, and Marion Raymond was keeping a little trimming store, earning a bare living for herself and her three year-old boy. She was a widow, with a living husband—a woman who had given her heart to a man who had left her side for the gambling table, had lost heavily night after night, had finally committed forgery, been discovered, and fled.

Marion had borne her heavy cross patiently, had worked faithfully to support her boy, and been a kind friend to Nettie. When Nettie had shared the hard-earned home for a year, Marion's uncle died, and left her Alton Hill and a large fortune. Then Nettie became a petted darling. The best teachers, the prettiest costumes, the choice of pleasures, were all hers, and Marion's friends knew they could not better please her than by showing kindness to Nettie.

Marion's wealth had proved truly a friend in need, for one year after her uncle's death, she became a confirmed invalid. An incurable disease of the spine held her helpless and suffering, and it was only her unselfish persistence that prevented Nettie from devoting her whole life to nursing duty.

But Marion would not have it so. She had a large circle of friends, who did not hold her responsible for her husband's crime, and she insisted upon Nettie's acceptance of all their invitations and civilities.

Even when love came, and Nettie would have sacrificed Stephen, if Marion asked it, she had smiled upon the wooing, knowing him to be a true, good man, worthy even of Nettie. The engagement was not generally known, but the two were betrothed when Stephen, with his own eyes saw his darling, his dainty, refined, little *fiancee*, under circumstances that appalled him.

Nearly two miles from Alton Hill was a huge deserted quarry, a place known as a rendezvous for the loafers of the village in the day-time, but usually deserted and desolate after nightfall. It stood back from the direct road leading to Alton Hill from Bayswater, the nearest town, but was often crossed, as a short cut between the two places. Still, after dark, it was a place safe enough usually for those who wished to meet secretly.

Stephen having called at Alton Hill, was utterly amazed to find Nettie absent after eight o'clock. Mrs. Raymond had received him, and explained that Nettie had gone to a neighbor's, but had refused to send Stephen to escort her home, as asked and expected. She had been agitated, and was deadly pale and unlike her usually calm, serene self, and Stephen was puzzled when he left the house. But his perplexity changed to deep wrath when, in crossing the quarry, he saw Nettie—his Nettie—standing in earnest conversation with a tall man, whose heavy beard and broad white forehead were plainly visible in the moonlight, as he took off his hat, lifted Nettie's hand to his lips, and then strode away toward Bayswater.

Too far away to speak, Stephen had recognized Nettie as she sped away toward the road, rather than cross the quarry to reach home, and he had stood stunned by the thought of her presence there under such circumstances. He was actually afraid to trust himself to face his betrothed at once, and spent nearly half the night wandering about, striving to calm his excitement and anger. But it was only held down by a strong effort of will when, the day following, Nettie quietly but firmly refused all explanation. She denied nothing.

"I am very sorry you save me," she said, "but, since you did, I can only say that you mistake my motives and errand."

"You acknowledge, then, that you wished this to be a secret meeting!" Stephen said.

"I did not wish it known, certainly."

"And did not intend to tell me of it!"

"No. You should never have known if you had not seen me."

"And you will not tell me who the man was?"

"I cannot."

"Nor why you met him?"

"I cannot!"

Words failed to move her from this position of resolute defiance, though her face was pale, and she evidently suffered deeply from her lover's anger. Still, she said nothing after her return to the house, and Marion was too ill to question her. For two days Marion had been fighting symptoms that were dangerous in character, and when Nettie, pale but tearless, came to their side, she found her writhing in pain.

"Poor Marion! Oh! if I could have spared you!" she cried. "Dr. Nelson so warned us against all excitement, and you have had a shock that was terrible. If only I had known what that letter contained!"

"Even if you had, I must have seen it," whispered the invalid. "Send for Dr. Nelson! This pain is unendurable!"

Days of agony, followed by utter prostration, ensued, and Nettie was an untiring, faithful nurse. But neither skill nor love could overcome the fatal symptoms developed by the shock of some dreadful tidings. Only a few weeks before Nettie's betrothal, Marion had followed her only child to the grave. She had wearied herself with nursing; she had left the house for the only time in years, to attend the funeral, and had so added to her already heavy illness, that the doctor had warned Nettie that any further strain, mental or bodily, would be fatal. Tenderly, Nettie had endeavored to spare her all care or agitation, but her love had been powerless against the fatal shock that had reached her cousin through the post office.

Absorbed in Marion's danger, watchful of every symptom, Nettie had thrust her own heartache into the background, though some silent tears would fall when she thought of Stephen.

And Stephen, in his hotel room at Bayswater, where he had come for a summer vacation, to be near Nettie, raved about woman's perfidy, judged harshly and spoke cruelly, and yet alternated these bitter hours by softer regrets, when he longed unutterably for a touch of Nettie's hand and a word of love from her lips. Every day he resolved to leave Bayswater, every night he determined to wait one more day, with the faint hope of some explanation to reconcile him to Nettie.

Two weary weeks had passed, when a note was handed him:

"I need a true friend, who will perform a service for me without question, and who will keep a secret. Will you come?"

No, he would not, he resolved. He had been deceived, and would not play cat's paw for any woman. And yet——

A fair, pure face; eyes, innocent, shy, lovelighted; lips that spoke only tender, maidenly words—these rose to confront him, and still reluctant, he took his hat, and went to Alton Hill.

"I knew you would come," Nettie said, springing gladly to meet him, as of old; not lifting her shy blushing face for his caress, but pallid, careworn and sad, a very gray shadow of her bright little self.

"Will you go for me, without question, on an errand of life and death?" she asked.

"I will," he said, gently, but not tenderly.

"In Heath street," she said—and he shuddered, for only the most wretched of Bayswater poor lived there—"in Heath street, you will find a Mrs. Smith's. It is No. 85. Ask for Bill Jones, and tell him he must come here tonight, after dark."

"Nettie!"

"Oh, trust me! Only trust me!" she pleaded.

"Is there no other message?"

"None! I dare not send one. But he must come!"

With a heart heavy as lead, and yet strangely moved to obey her request, Stephen left Nettie, to seek for Bill Jones. He was not surprised to see the tall bearded man he had seen once before at the quarry. But he was shocked to recognize upon his face the unmistakable signs of mortal illness. Evidently whatever the man's life had been, it was nearly spent. A dry hacking cough, extreme emaciation, hollow eyes and hectic flush, all told plainly their piteous story.

And the message brought on such violent agitation, such an exhausting fit of coughing and suffocation, that in mere humanity Stephen granted the stranger's request that he would accompany him to Alton Hill, and went to secure a carriage for the drive.

It was dark when they reached the house, and Nettie was watching. She did not seem surprised to see Stephen, but motioned him to wait, while she led the strange visitor up the broad staircase.

The little mantel clock chimed three times, and midnight had nearly come, but still Stephen lingered. Some strange hope held him to the room where Nettie had left him, and he paced up and down, waiting.

Waiting till nearly at night's noon, the door opened, and Nettie came in.

"I hoped you would wait," she said. "Will you come with me?"

Up the broad staircase, to a large room above. Upon a couch there, dressed in a snowy wrapper, lay the still form of Marion Raymond dead, and beside her upon the floor crouched the man Stephen knew only as "Bill Jones."

"You must help us," Nettie said, "and Marion told me to trust you. You guess who this is!"

The stranger lifted his head.

"Tell whom you will," he said, in a hollow, faint voice; "I'm almost gone! I've killed my wife! I've starved, begged, stolen! What does it matter now? Bring the police, and tell them Henry Raymond is found at last!"

"Your cousin's husband!" Stephen whispered, throwing off the burden on his heart in one deep sigh.

"Yes; I met him, at her prayer, to give him money to flee again from justice. But he has been so ill, he could not go. The shock of his return, after so many years' absence, killed Marion. You will help me to conceal him? He cannot live many days."

Not many hours Stephen thought; and he was right. Before the day dawned, Henry Raymond had gone beyond earthly justice or vengeance, and Nettie carried out Marion's last wish, that her husband should rest in death in the cemetery where wife and child lay beside him.

Nettie was Marion's heiress, by a will made when Mrs. Raymond believed her husband must be dead. But the little maiden's wealth did not give her the deep happiness she felt when Stephen pleaded for forgiveness for his want of faith, and she once more felt his kiss upon her lips and his words of love greeted her ears.

Carving Sets—Fish, Game and Meat—cheap and handsome. Beautiful little Trinket Trays (oxydized), and innumerable novelties, suitable for wedding and birthday present, at J. E. Brown, 118 Yonge street.

Forgetting Their Losses.

It is not unusual for people who have lost the use of a sense or of a limb to talk, more or less unconsciously, as if they still possessed it. Not long ago, a gentleman who has been totally blind for many years, but who manages to travel about notwithstanding his affliction, wrote to a friend in Paris:

"I am making a trip to Paris in the autumn to see how the world wags, and I hope to see you while I am there."

This is pathetic. More amusing, perhaps, was an incident of a like kind which happened during a tour through the provinces which the French President, M. Carnot, recently made. At one place, where an address was to be delivered to the President, the duty of pronouncing it was committed to a maimed veteran, both of whose arms had been amputated.

Just before the hour for the ceremony had arrived, a local functionary said to the veteran:

"Are you sure you know your speech?"

"Know it," he exclaimed, confidently, "why, I've got it right at my fingers' ends!"

Five Little Fakes.

The waiter in a bustling restaurant always "sets the table" in a roar.

Teacher—Now, children, which State produces the most corn? Pupil—Kentucky. Teacher—Wrong. Why do you say Kentucky? Pupil—Kentucky has the most kernels.

Johnny—I wonder why I can't make my kite fly! Elder Sister—Perhaps the caudal appendage is disproportionate to the superficial area. "I don't think that's it. I believe there isn't weight enough on the tail."

Judge (bald-headed)—If half what the witnesses testify against you is true your conscience must be as black as your hair. Prisoner—If a man's conscience is regulated by his hair, then your honor hasn't got any conscience at all.

Old Gentleman (at his daughter's wedding)—My dear, I don't see how I am to get along without you. Bride—Never mind, pa. Since the ceremony was performed my husband has confessed that he hasn't enough saved to go housekeeping, so you may not lose me, after all."

The Last Straw.

Mr. Mushroom—I wish you would send one o' these invites to old Skeesicks and his wife.

Mrs. Mushroom—What! Them vulgar Skeesicks? I won't do it.

Mr. Mushroom—Of course, they ain't so blamed cultured; but they can study up a little.

Mrs. Mushroom—For heaven's sake, Jeremiah! You'll be wanting me to ask our fathers and mothers here next.—*America.*

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The Lamb v. The Lion

The Lamb—I'm tired of that old "lion and lamb" story, and now that I have caught you two cubs alone I'm going to buck the life out of you just to reverse the tradition.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

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DOGOLA STRIPES,	52 inches wide - -	60c. per yard
SATIN RUSSE	" " - - -	60c. "
NEGUS TAPESTRIES	" " - - -	75c. "
LINEN MALY STRIPES	" " - - -	85c. "

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CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Be Warned in Time.

Cure your Cough before you are beyond reach of human care or skill. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, properly administered, is a certain and speedy cure for all Throat and Lung Diseases. It is not a mere syrup, or cheap cough mixture, but a scientific preparation of great merit. "I used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, last spring, for a severe Cough, and for Lung troubles, with good effect. It completely cured me. —Harvey Baughman, Proprietor Globe Hotel, Mt. Gilead, Ohio.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

After other medicines failed, I was speedily cured of a dangerous Cough by the use of two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.—Rev. W. J. Chaplin, Pastor of the *New Covenant Church*, Chicago, Ill.

About five years ago I suffered from a very obstinate Cough, from which I was unable to obtain relief. I was finally persuaded, by a friend, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, before taking half a bottle of this medicine, was entirely cured. Since then I have used it whenever needed, and always with good effect.—Charles Meacham, Westfield, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best remedy I have ever found for Colds and Coughs, or for Throat and Lung diseases. I have used it in my family for many years. It always effects speedy cures.—J. P. Depoy, Longnoderry, Ohio.

A few weeks ago I took a severe Cold, which, at first, I neglected to care for. In three days it affected my Lungs, and I became extremely ill. Breathing was most difficult and painful, and my family physician, not being able to come immediately to the house, sent directions that I should take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I was promptly relieved by the use of this medicine, and, after taking only one bottle, was entirely cured.—Andrew J. Davis, Atchison, Kansas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe attack of Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take it, and, in a short time, was cured.—Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Music.

There has been a welcome lull in musical matters this week, a little season of quiet, which enables the weary critic to gather fresh energy and fresh patience with which to encounter the many events that are impending. In the meantime the various musical organizations are hard at work, and in view of the multitude of candidates for public favor, all are likely to make their efforts of 1890-91 surpass their previous records. The Philharmonic Society has engaged Mr. Santley to sing the Elijah solos, and will, therefore, give this oratorio at its last concert. The first regular concert will be a miscellaneous one, in which Massenet's Eve will be the chief feature. This is a delightful work, with most interesting solos, bright choruses, and a very telling orchestration.

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I hear that the Haslam Vocal Society will give its first concert in December. The Toronto Vocal Society will wait until January to make its bow, for which event the following selections have finally been decided upon by Mr. W. Edgar Buck, the conductor, and the musical committee: Uncertain Light (double chorus), Schumann; The Pilgrims, Leslie; Love's a Rogue, Rheinberger; Spring Song, Pinsuti; Madeleine, Roeckel; To the Night, Saint-Saens; You'll Never Guess, Percival (Joseph Gould); The Miller's Wooing, Eaton Fanning; Annie Laurie, arranged by Dudley Buck for male voices; Ave Maria (female voices), Franz Abt. The University Glee Club will give a concert in December, when the chief piece will be Dudley Buck's setting of the Chorus of Spirits and Hours from Shelley's Prometheus Unbound. The Glee Club is very popular this year with the students, the attendance at the practice last week having been sixty-five. Another addition to the musical societies of the city is the Glee Club of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society, which has recently been organized with Mr. E. W. Schuch as conductor. Other similar organizations are talked of, and we may look for quite a musical boom this season.

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On Wednesday afternoon the Ladies' Choral Club held its first rehearsal of this season with very gratifying attendance of both new and old members. As the members are ladies, I wish it to be understood that I use the word "old," not as denoting age, but to indicate that some of these ladies sang with the club last season. They meet at the Y. M. C. A. building, under the direction of Miss Norah Hillary, and have selected an excellent list of music for study, chief among which are Mendelssohn's Laudate Pueri, and Roeckel's cantata, Westward, Ho! The enthusiasm of these ladies is most laudable, being entirely musical in its nature, and with no ulterior designs, as men are not allowed, not even as escorts, for the practices are held in the afternoon. There are no doubt many good singers who do not find it convenient to attend the meetings of the older societies, and who would derive much enjoyment and profit from such a club as Miss Hillary's. The club will give a recital in Association Hall in April, the proceeds from which will be devoted to the Sick Children's Hospital. The growth and development of music in Toronto finds another indication in this organization.

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The October *Etude* has a very thoughtful article on Musical Societies from the pen of Mr. F. W. Wodell of Rochester, N.Y., formerly of Hamilton, Ont. Mr. Wodell lays much stress on the benefits to be derived from concerted work for both players and singers. Some teachers try to discourage their pupils from taking part in general ensemble work, but if you watch both teachers and pupils, in such cases, you will find the one set narrow and the other ignorant and circumscribed in their capacity. The study of choral music under proper direction is one of the singer's greatest pleasures and one of his most profitable pastimes, while similar good is derived by the instrumental student from combined study. Mr. Wodell instances the development of a very good orchestra in Hamilton, which has its root in a string quartette of Mr. Thomas Littlehales and his family. Many of the individuals have since won prominent positions in the musical world.

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I had a talk with Mr. Herbert L. Clarke a day or two ago. Mr. Clarke is very enthusiastic over his connection with Heintzman's band, and has taken hold of his new duties with a will. He intends to practice his band in popular music as well as the higher departments, and has mapped out a line of work for the winter's study that will make Heintzman's band one of the musical features of Toronto.

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The Irish Protestant Benevolent Society always gives a good concert, and its entertainment, which will take place on Thursday night next, will be found to be no exception to the rule. Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Jessie Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blight and the Mendelssohn Quartette Club of Detroit will be the attractions.

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The same evening will bring us a very promising entertainment by the choir of Holy Trinity Church in the Sunday School house. Franz Abt's Richard Cœur de Lion, and a miscellaneous costume concert will be the attraction, the whole under the direction of Mr. A. R. Blackburn, organist of the church.

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The weekly recitals at the College of Music continue to attract much interest on the part of the students. The following programme was given last Saturday: Piano, Wild Rosebuds, Lange, Miss Carmichael; Song, Only Once More, Moir, Miss Milligan; Piano, Kinder Sonate, Krause, Miss Ivens; Song, Across the Far Blue Hills, Marie, Blumenthal, Miss Myers; Organ, Andante, Dr. Stainer, Mr. H. Woodland; Song, Far Away Where Angels Dwell, Blumenthal, Miss Myers; Piano, Les Jours d'Absence, Lange, Miss Dixon; Song, Some One, Trotere, Miss Hatch; Organ, Toccata and Figue, D minor, Bach, Mr. Burden; Song, God Shall Wipe Away All Tears, Miss Bonsall; Song, Serenade, Jensen, Miss Harrison; Piano, Sonatina, two movements, Kuhlau, Miss Scott; Song, Should He Upraid, Bishop, Miss Paterson; Piano, Sonata, op. 26, Beethoven, Miss Cowen; Organ, Grand Chœur, Guilmant, Mr. McNally; Sonata, two pianos, 1st movement, Brahms, Misses Clarke and Sullivan.

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A happier combination than the talents of Mrs. Caldwell and Miss Jessie Alexander for an enjoyable entertainment would be hard to find. This fact was sufficient to attract the largest audience yet assembled in the new West Association Hall, Thursday, October 30. Mrs. Caldwell in her artistic rendering of Proch's variations surpassed, if possible, her usual excellence. Her Scotch number Ye Banks and Braes won the hearts of her listeners, as also did Miss Alexander's interpretations of Scottish character in The Coming of the Bagpipes and Saunders M. Glashan's Courtship. Both ladies were the recipients of handsome floral offerings. Mr. Dapew as accompanist and in his piano solo added to the evening's enjoyment.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

The McDowell Comedy Company opened on Monday night at the Grand to a good house, presenting The Balloon, which was preceded by a comedietta entitled A Husband in Clover. The little domestic squall was well represented. The man who was tired of his wife's amiability and gentleness found her imitation of his favorite styles of women decidedly distasteful, and concluded that he was very happy before and rejoiced when she resumed her own caressing ways and wifely thoughtfulness.

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The Balloon is merely funny. The characters are well taken, particularly that of Dr. Glynn. In this Mr. McDowell portrays the mental suffering of a would-be benedict whose flirtation with a widow in Rome results in her calling upon him with some letters in which he had written enthusiastically and in remarkably plain English of the happy days to come when she would be his wife. The widow is thoroughly in earnest and uses her rogulsh eyes with a great deal of force of will. In this part Mrs. McDowell has not full scope for her powers. She was suited much better in Moths of last year, when the generous, careless, self-reliant American girl was so well portrayed. As the hysterical aunt of the Doctor's girlish sweetheart, Miss Bessie Hunter does good work, and the niece's minor part is acceptably played by Miss Flora Clitheroe. The scamp of the play, a confirmed old soak and bigamist, whose two living wives are in turn disgusted because of his existence, is a funny man who turns up at the right and wrong moments alternately. David, the doctor's boy, is an innovation in the way of errand boys, but his bent old figure and gruesome contortions force one to swallow a good deal in order to recognize the merit of his acting. Capt. Cameron is the English swell who is at the bottom of all the doctor's troubles, for it was he who assumed that gentleman's name and poisoned the fierce dog of the girl who had fascinated him. She retaliated by accusing the real doctor of poisoning her, and the poor bewildered practitioner, supposing her to be his sweetheart's aunt with hysterical propensities, goes up in a balloon to escape the gathering dangers, and comes back with his clothes much the worse for his fall to the ground. Upon his return he finds that he is being mourned for as dead. Some more ridiculous complications ensue, and then everything is lovely. The supposed widow's husband turns up, and defeats her aims, and the woman whom the physician thought he had murdered beams on him and we all. The lovers are united and when all things are satisfactorily adjusted the curtain falls on the frolicsome comedy, which is truly entertaining.

There is so much under the name of Irish comedy and "specialty" on the stage nowadays that is a gross libel on the Irish character that it is doubly pleasing to welcome once again that whole-souled son of Erin and favorite Irish comedian, Mr. Joseph Murphy, whose popularity and clever impersonations have won him hosts of friends. There is no need at this late date to enter into any lengthy description of the plays or to point out the merits of Mr. Murphy's well-known impersonation of Irish character. Mr. Murphy portrays the genial, true-hearted, quick-witted Irish lad to the life, and frequent repetition has not caused the loss of the pleasing qualities, the vim, the manliness, and the bright spirit of the performance. He always portrays an ideal Irishman—one of the kind who have been the heroes of Irish song and romance ever since the days of King Boru and Mr. Murphy's splendid physique and complete mastery of the brogue and tricks of Milesian language render him no mean assistance. Mr. Murphy will appear at the Grand Opera house here all next week with the usual matinees.

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Mr. J. J. Showles, advance agent for Joe Murphy, is in town this week. Mr. Showles is a Canadian, an old Bruce county boy.

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One of the best attractions presented at the Academy of Music this season is running there this week. That is James O'Neill in The Dead Heart. The Dead Heart was recently resurrected by Henry Irving, who had it re-written, mounted and staged with that elaborateness which characterizes all of Irving's productions. It was very successful. Its production by Mr. O'Neill is with the permission of Mr. Irving and is presumably staged and acted after the models of the London Lyceum. Consequently it is well done. The mechanical accessories, scenery, etc., are first-class, and adl immeasurably to the success of the play. The taking of the Bastile is splendidly realistic, as is also the guillotine scene. The only point where the performance fails is in the inadequate impersonation of some of the players. Otherwise it is excellently performed.

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It is almost needless to say that the Dead Heart is dramatically strong. The time of the play is during that stormy period in French history, between the years 1771 and 1789. It is one of the terrible stories of the days of the *sans culottes*, the Tribunal of Justice, the Proscription, the Guillotine—a period embracing more horrors than any other in the history of civilization. Its situations are, therefore, thrilling in the extreme, and the feeling throughout the whole play is kept at high tension. Robert Landry, a young sculptor, is engaged to be married to Catherine Duval. Catherine is loved by the Count de St. Valerie. Through the influence of an influential and unscrupulous friend, the Baron Latour, the Count has Robert Landry cast into the Bastile for a week, as he supposes, in order to give him a chance to win Catherine. Instead of being kept in prison one week, Robert pines in the dungeon for fifteen years. In the meantime Count de St. Valerie's unscrupulous friend announces Landry's death. Catherine thereupon marries the Count and ere Robert Landry is free again is a widow with a grown-up son. At the time the Bastile is taken by the people Robert Landry is released—a living man with a dead heart. He vows vengeance on the Count de St. Valerie and his scheming ally, the Baron Latour. When he finds the father dead he transfers his vengeance to the son and, being promoted to a high position under Robespierre, he acquires the necessary power to bring them to the guillotine. Before they are brought to the scaffold, however, Landry has an interview with Latour, at which they fight with sword and Latour is killed. On his person is found a paper which proves the Count de St. Valerie's innocence of Landry's imprisonment. How to save the son of the woman she loved is now the momentous question. Only one way remains. Landry offers himself to the knife in his place. But Robespierre being informed of his intention commutes St. Valerie's sentence in time to save him. The curtain falls in this scene, leaving the imagination to go on and complete a pleasant picture of the results. James O'Neill is an actor of much power as is evidenced by his work in this part. He keeps a firm restraint on himself and never shows the slightest tendency to rant. His reading was clear and forceful and his action free and graceful. He was ably assisted by Jos. E. Whiting as the Baron Latour. N. D. Jones gave a good presentation of the part of Legrand. Miss Grace Raven gave a very satisfactory rendering as Catherine Duval. Her performance was a trifle light in parts but free from all traces of carelessness.

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Stahl's new operetta, The Sea King, will be played at the Academy of Music next week, by William J. Gilmore's opera company. This new opera is said to be an excellent production of a native composer, and has had very favorable receptions in New York and Philadelphia. The plot is founded on a Spanish legend of the thirteenth century, and affords excellent scope for beauty and rich designing in scenery and costumes. Beside these most necessary adjuncts of comic opera the humorous part has not been neglected and is said to be both rich and racy. The cast includes a number of well known comic opera artists with a chorus of forty voices and an increased orchestra.

•

Marguerite Fish in Erma the Elf has been doing good business at Jacobs and Sparrows this week. Erma the Elf is a composite play, which leans rather towards comedy. It furnishes a good medium for the display of the versatile talents of Miss Fish, who, as is well known, is a clever and capable little comedienne. She is strongly supported by Mr. Warren who takes the part of a broken-down museum manager. In this she is very funny and keeps the house in a roar. Miss Fish and Mr. Warren sing several good songs and do a grotesque dance act which is very popular. The rest of the company give a fair support.

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The Corinne engagement next week is to be the gala event of the season at Jacobs & Sparrow's Toronto Opera House. The management is making great preparations in order to give the public of Toronto an opportunity of seeing the great production of Carmen presented in the same magnificent manner as marked its performance in New York City. The Kimball Opera Comique and Burlesque Company now numbers sixty members and is the biggest burlesque organization in America. The production of Carmen is a burlesque in the fullest sense of the word, it bears but little or no resemblance to the original score. It is magnificently staged, gorgeously costumed, and interspersed with gems picked from all the great operatic successes of the present day. Over $20,000 is said to have been expended before the curtain was raised on the initial performance. The opening scene shows the square in Seville, Spain, with the guard-house on the right, the Seville straight-cut factory on the left, and the elevated Bridge of Sighs in the background. The act closes with a view of Seville by night; the second act pictures a rocky gorge across the Guadalquiver Mountain Pass, and the third scene shows the interior of the Spanish circus. The usual prices of the house will prevail.

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Will J. Romalnx-Walsh, formerly of Toronto, who has been studying at the dramatic school of Art, New York, will appear as Cis Farrington in the Magistrate at the matinee this afternoon.

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Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser appeared in dramatic recitals in Association Hall on Tuesday evening before a large and appreciative audience. He was well received, and was several times recalled. His programme was reasonably wide in range, the numbers new and pleasing, and his work evinced careful study, breadth and thoughtfulness. Mr. Kleiser has fortunately adopted a manner calculated to please the public, he is not too loud, nor does he "saw the air too much" and in endeavoring to suit the action to the word seems determined to under-do it rather than over do it. In fact he is inclined to err on the side of being "nice," and were he a trifle more masculine he would have a stronger taste. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blight, who are ever popular with Toronto audiences, shared largely in the programme and honors of the evening.

DRAMATIC NOTES

The sum realized by the sale of Richard Mansfield's collection of antiquities and curios is given out at $19,912 50.

Nellie Farren and Fred Leslie are reported to be very ill and, it is said, will not be able to play in New York this season.

Death can have no terrors for William Terriss, the English actor, who was killed two hundred times during the run of The Corsican Brothers. In The Cup he died over a hundred times; as Mercutio he has been stabbed to death two hundred times, and as Hamlet he has frequently met with a violent end. As Romeo he perished every night for over six months, and now he is slain nightly by the Master's sword in Ravenswood, and he is ready to rise up and die again for the amusement of the public.

A company has been formed in New York for the purpose of reading plays and producing such as are found to be of merit before an audience of managers and critics. The players to whom the roles will be intrusted will be chosen from as good material as is obtainable, and the directors will take measures to exclude from the performances all too partisan friends or enemies of the authors. The projectors are Edmund C. Stanton, late manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, and William F. G. Shanks, who has long been connected with the best papers in New York.

There is a certain illusive something about everything connected with the stage and its followers that is fascinating to the average citizen, who occasionally "goes to the theater." Why is it that nine out of ten ordinary men will run a block to see an actress get out of a carriage. Why will the $10 per week clerk spend half his salary in theater tickets, and then hang around the stage entrance at an unearthly hour? Why is it that half the newspaper readers look the first thing for the theatrical news? Simply this—they want to know all that is to be known about something that they don't know all about.

The *Theater* writing of "Billy" Florence says: There is a tinge of the old school lingering in Mr. Florence that is very acceptable to students of the drama in these days, and the methods which he employs with so much skill, either in the expression of merriment or grief, are singularly magnetic. Mr. Florence's long career upon the stage has been notable not only for the successes he has achieved in various lines of comedy and drama, but he has always been a most interesting personality in his real walk of life. He has managed to reach the top of the ladder without the attendant scandals and sidewalk notoriety which his younger brothers seem to think a necessary adjunct in the accomplishment of position and fame, and he must have a healthy sensibility of how utterly futile are the passing attempts of a large class of young actors whose ambitions are satisfied by cheap newspaper paragraphs and foolish feminine adoration. Mr. Florence's career has been fraught with most commendable endeavor and conscientious performance, and he will probably not terminate it for some years to come; for although he is no longer young, and is well advanced toward that generally allotted end, he is still sound in health and blessed with a fine physique.

Agnes Robertson Boucicault has issued a corrected biography of her late husband. She says of him: "He was a very careless man in business matters. Some time ago he wanted to sell some of his plays, but he was so unmethodical in his habits that he failed to remember where he had put manuscripts and they could not be found. A few years ago, at his request, I sent from his house in London his valuable library and other personal property. Subsequently all this, with other valuables, worth perhaps from $80,000 to $100,000, was put in a storage warehouse in the upper part of New York city without a penny of insurance being taken upon it. While Mr. Boucicault was absent from this city Robert Gaul, his valet, thought to himself what a fearful loss would be incurred in case of fire, and on his own responsibility—fearful, too, of the liberty he was taking—he had the property insured for $20,000. Not long after this the storage warehouse was burned to the ground. The loss to Mr. Boucicault was irreparable, but, thanks to his thoughtful valet, he obtained $20,000 insurance money which otherwise he would not have had. Within one month at another time he lost $100,000 in mining speculations. During his life he has been the Monte Cristo of the dramatic profession. He was excessively fond of reading and was one of the best read men of his time. He was very partial to the reading of history. John Stuart Mill was his favorite philosopher, Goldsmith he preferred to all the poets, and he enjoyed the writings of Keats and Shelley. Mr. Boucicault possessed the true literary and æsthetic character. He was a man of refined manners and most gentle thoughts, and was a real lover of the intellectual life. In religion he was brought up in the Church of England, but I think of late years had he made any profession of his faith he would have become a member of the Roman Catholic communion."

She Indorsed.

A young woman who had a cheque for $14 on a certain Detroit bank presented it at the cashier's desk, and he politely said:

"You will please indorse it, miss."

She took it over to the desk and wrote on the back:

"I want this money awful bad yours truly truly please pay the bearer."—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Unkind Question.

Litewayte—It's very disagreeable, don't you know, to associate with one's inferiors.

Bronson—How in the world did you find that out?—*Life.*

Nellie.

For Saturday Night.

Wee Nellie wi' gowden tresses,
Wee Nellie my ain tae be,
Keek out o' the great hereafter
An' bid me come owre tae thee.
Then weariness a' wi' wil' vanish,
My spirit wil' fin' its peace,
Wi' thee my ain angel lassie,
An' sorrow an' care wil' cease.

She comes wi' the glints o' glaamin',
She comes wi' the break o' day,
She pleases my lonely spirit
An' carries me far away.
Away on the wings o' fancy
Wi' her amang pastures green,
Enhaloed wi' gowden glory
Reflectit frae Nellie's een.

Ah! then I has sangs for sighin',
For thegither han' in han',
We talk by the lowin' waters
An' howes o' a bonnie lan'.
Amang trees that bow an' whisper
Tae kelpie hauntit streams,
And flowers that bloom an' flourish
For aye in the lan' o' dreams.

GEORGE MOFFAT

My Little Seamstress.

For Saturday Night.

She's sitting at her window 'cross the way
And busily her needle flys all day;
But every now and then I chance to see,
A pair of witching eyes look o'er at me;
Such eyes! I know their color must be blue,
And yet at times they seem of darker hue.
It is when I, my sweetest smiles, essay,
To throw at her, the seamstress, across the way,
Her head bends low above her work, and I
Grow sad, and darkest clouds obscure the sky;
She lifts her golden head, oh, joy supreme!
The sun breaks forth again and life's a dream.
I wonder does she know the joy and pain,
Her changeful glances give my heart and brain?
Ah! sure, she cannot fail to see and feel,
Her looks are hurt me, yet in hurting heal.
I wonder does she know that looks cd' bring
More pains to hearts than words of bitt'rest sting!
No, no, she cannot know that granted fact,
Or she would leave my aching heart intact.

WM. H. SHYLER.

The Conundrum of the Workshops.

When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched with a stick in the mold;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, "It's pretty, but is it art?"

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to fashion his work anew—
The first of his race who cared a fig for the first, most dread review;
And he left his lore to the use of his sons—and that was a glorious gain
When the Devil chuckled "Is it art?" in the ear of the branded Cain.

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and wrench the stars apart,
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks: "It's striking, but is it art?"
The stone was dropped by the quarry-side and the idle derrick swung,
While each man talked of the aims of art, and each in an alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the north and the south, they talked and they fought in the west,
Till the waters rose on the jabbering land, and the poor Red Clay had rest—
Had rest till the dank blank-canvas dawn when the dove was preened to start,
And the devil bubbled below the keel: "It's human, but is it art?"

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree—as new as the new-cut tooth—
For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows he is master of art and truth;
And each man hears as the twilight nears, to the beat of his dying heart,
The devil drum on the darkened pane: "You did it, but was it art?"

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the shape of a surplice-peg,
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the yolk of an addled egg.
We know that the tail must wag the dog, as the horse is drawn by the cart;
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old: "It's clever but is it art?"

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on the club-room's green and gold,
The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch with their pens in the mold—
They scratch with their pens in the mold of their graves, and the ink and the anguish start
When the Devil mutters behind the leaves: "It's pretty, but is it art?"

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where the four great rivers flow,
And the wreath of Eve is red on the turf as she left it long ago,
And if we could come when the sentry slept and softly scurry through,
By the favor of God we might know as much—as our father Adam knew.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Summer in the Heart.

Springtime may lose its freshest tints,
And Autumn leaves their gold,
The bitter blasts and snowy wreath
May sweep across the wold:
But the years are full of splendors
That never will depart,
For they shed eternal fragrance
When there's Summer in the heart.

The shadows linger on the earth,
The sunbeams hide away,
The sad mists fold their chill white hands
About the face of day;
The tumult and the rush of life
Sound aye in street and mart;
But they cannot drown life's music
When there's Summer in the heart.

The city towers are crumbling fast,
And totter to their fall;
The ivied castle on the height
Shows many a ruined wall:
But men build eternal dwellings
With strange and wondrous art,
They are shrines for the immortals
When there's Summer in the heart.

Noted People.

Lady Tennyson, wife of the Poet-Laureate, is a niece of Sir John Franklin, of Arctic exploration fame.

Doctor Mary Walker has sent a petition to the United States Senate, asking the appointment of a national committee to prescribe the costumes to be worn by women.

Sarah Orne Jewett is said to be the prettiest of Boston's literary women. She is the daughter of a Maine sea-captain, and is a dark-haired, graceful woman, with a Madonna-like face.

Lord Brassey's wedding had a very nautical flavor. The bridegroom's little nephews were in attendance wearing white sailor suits, and all the crew of the Sunbeam were present. The bride, Miss Sybil Capell, was a handsome women in her satin and lace.

Dr. Julia Holmes Smith of Chicago occupies a distinguished place in her profession, and earns an income of eight or ten thousand dollars a year. She is a native of New Orleans, with the Southern warmth of manner and the Northern practicality, and makes it her pleasure to help less capable women than herself to a self-supporting position.

During the Franco-Prussian War, Prince Bismarck found a French baby boy sleeping in his bed, left there, as a note stated, by a woman desperate from want, whose husband had been killed at Sedan. The prince gave the child into the care of a competent nurse, and later had him thoroughly educated as his son. The child is now a young man, and is exceedingly fond of his adopted father.

The Emperor William, his brothers and sisters, his children, and all his Hohenzollern ancestors born since 1722 have been successively rocked in the family cradle of that illustrious house, or enthroned thereon during the court procession which adds splendor to each royal christening. The ancient couch is a clumsy structure of old oak, richly carved, round whose four sides is cut, in large Roman characters, the text: "He hath given His angels charge over thee, that they keep thee in all thy ways."

Mrs. Emily Crawford, the celebrated Paris correspondent who announced that the engagement of the Duc d'Orleans to his cousin, the Princess Marguerite, was broken off, is probably right in what she says, for she knows more about French family secrets than any living foreigner. She has the Irish faculty of knowing who everybody's great-grandmother was, and has at her fingers' end every peccadillo that great-grandmother was guilty of. The result is that the Parisians are very polite to her, for they live in mortal dread of her sweeping out dry bones from their family closets.

Edward W. Bok, who is now in London, writes this about London's literary lion: "Rudyard Kipling has, undoubtedly, taken literary London by storm, and wherever I went his name was brought up. Kipling is twenty-four years old, easy in his ways, and is made the center of every group wherever he goes. While English women concede that he is not handsome, they allow, as one woman confided to me, that 'he is striking looking and attractive.' If he were to work steadily for the next three months every hour in the day and night, it would be impossible for him to fill his orders."

The trade of an Emperor is thought to unfit a man for most other employments, but Dom Pedro, ex-sovereign of Brazil, finds plenty to do. He is living at Versailles, in rather feeble health, but he spends much time in studying the gallery pictures; he is digging hard at Sanscrit and Hebrew, with daily lessons from a famous German professor; and as he is a corresponding member of all the important scientific associations of Europe, he fills up any chinks of leisure with scientific reading or writing. Besides this, he cultivates music, and greatly enjoys the visits of the clever people who go to see him.

Miss Fay Fuller of Tacoma, Wash., has lately made the ascent of Mt. Tacoma, which only twenty-eight men, and no woman before her, have ever accomplished. The mountain is 14,444 feet high. At 12,000 feet, the wind blew a hurricane over the unbroken snow. Miss Fuller, with the rest, slept in a cave on the summit, where the steam-jets from the crater looked like a row of boiling tea-kettles, but where her shoes were frozen stiff, and the blankets, wherever the steam had touched them, covered with ice. The descent was even more perilous than the ascent had been, and the resolute young woman suffered much from exposure and exhaustion, but never once flinched.

The following notes about Thomas Hardy, perhaps first among living English novelists, are of interest: "He is a Dorsetshire man by birth and habitation, and an architect by trade. Not till he was thirty-four did he make a literary success, when Far from the Madding Crowd, published anonymously in the *Cornhill* in 1874, gave him a reputation, and called public attention to his earlier stories. Mr. Hardy finds his Dorsetshire inexhaustible, and his peasants are Shakespearian in their richness of quality. He is not only a close student of human nature and a wonderful etcher of character, but a marvelous landscape painter, the very air and light and fragrance of Dorsetshire being shut into his books."

A Paris searcher for interesting reminiscences of the Empress Eugenie, when she was Mlle. Montijo, learns that before her engagement was officially announced she and some of her many friends vowed to each other that whoever among them made a good match should help her other friends in life. A few days after they had made this promise, Mlle. Montijo went to the Hotel du Rue Bac and informed her friends she was about to become empress. After she had left them the Saxon minister saw her, and, turning to the young girl said: "Laugh to-day with your friend, young ladies, for after to-morrow you will have to maintain a grave and respectful demeanor in her presence, for," continued the diplomatist, "she is about to become empress." After her marriage, however, the empress called her young companions to her and begged them to treat her as before, "for," she said, "I shall be much alone at the palace, and shall weary of all the etiquette which surrounds me."

In War Times---A Southern Steamboat Race.

"Thar's the Senator, and she's gainin' on us," said the pilot, as we walked forward, pointing to a thin column of smoke rising over the trees just abreast of us.

"How far astern?"

"A matter of two mile round that point."

"Splendid night for a race," muttered Styles.

Almost imperceptibly our speed slackens, the thin, dark column creeps nearer round the trees on the point in our wake; at last the steamer bursts into sight, not a pistol-shot astern.

There is a sharp click of our pilot's bell, a gasping throb, as if our boat took a deep, long breath; and just as the Senator makes our wheel we dash ahead again, with every stroke of the piston threatening to rack our frail fabric into shreds.

The river here is pretty wide and the channel deep and clear. The Senator follows in gallant style, now gaining our quarter, now a boat's-length astern—both engines roaring and snorting like angry hippopotami; both vessels rocking and straining till they seem to paw their way through the churned water.

Talk of horse-racing and rouge-et-noir! But there is no excitement that can approach boat-racing on a southern river. One by one people pop up the ladders and throng the rails. First come the unemployed deck hands, then a stray gentleman or two, and finally ladies and children, till the rail is full, and every eye is anxiously strained to the opposite boat.

She holds her own wondrous well, considering the reputation of ours. At each burst, when she seems to gain on us, the crowd hold their breath; as she drops off again there is a deep-drawn, gasping sigh of relief.

Foot by foot we gain steadily until the gap is widened to three or four boat-lengths, though the Senator piles her fires till the shores behind her glow from their reflection; and her decks grow black with anxious lookers-on—send up cheer after cheer as she snorts defiantly after us.

Suddenly the bank seems to spring up right under our port bow! We have cut it too close! Two sharp, vicious clicks of the bell; our helm goes hard down, and the engines stop with a sullen jar, as I catch a hissing curse through the set teeth of the pilot.

A yell of wild triumph rises from the rival's deck. On she comes in gallant style, shutting the gap and passing us like a race horse before we can swing into the channel, and recover headway. It is a splendid sight as the noble boat passes us, her black bulk standing out in the clear moonlight against the dim, gray banks like a living monster, her great chimneys snorting out volumes of massive black smoke that trail out level behind her from the great speed. Her side toward us is crowded with men, women, and children; hats, handkerchiefs, and hands swing madly about.

Close down to the water's edge, scarce above the line of foam she cuts, her lower deck lies black and undefined in the shadow of the great mass above it. Suddenly it lights up with a lurid flash as the furnace door swing wide open, and in the hot glare the negro stokers, their stalwart forms jetty black, naked to the waist, and streaming with the exertion that makes the muscles strain out in great cords, show like the distorted imps of some pictured inferno. They, too, have felt the excitement. With every gesture of anxious hands and eyeballs starting from their dusky heads, some plunge the long rakes into the red mouths of the furnace, twisting and turning the crackling mass with terrific strength; others hurl in huge logs of resinous pine already heated by contact till they burn like pitch. Then the great doors bang to; the yo! ho! of the negroes dies away, and the whole hull is blacker from the contrast; while the Senator, pulling denser clouds swings the point a hundred yards ahead!

There is a dead silence on our boat—silence so deep that the rough whisper of the pilot to a knot around him is heard the whole length of the deck: "Damnation! but I'll overstep her yit or bust!"

"Good, old man!" responds Styles. "Let her out and I'll stand the wine!"

Then the old colonel walks to the wheel, his face purple, his Glengary pushed back on his head, his cigar glowing like the "red eye of battle" as he puffs angry wheezes of smoke through his nostrils.

On we speed, till the trees on the bank seem to fly back past us, and round the point to see the Senator just turning another curve!

On still, faster then ever, with every glass on board jingling in its frame, every joint and timber trembling!

Still the black demons below ply their fires with the fattest logs, and even a few barrels of rosin are slyly slipped in. The smoke behind us stretched straight and flat from the smokestack.

Now we enter a straight, narrow reach, with the chase just before us. Faster, faster we go till the boat fairly rocks and swings from side to side, half lifted with every throb. Closer and closer we creep—harder and harder thump the cylinders—until at last we close, our bow just lapping her stern! So we run a few yards.

Little by little—so little that we test it by counting her windows—we reach her wheel, pass it, lock her bow, and run nose and nose for a hundred feet!

The stillness of death is upon both boats; not a sound but the creak and shudder as they struggle on. Suddenly is heard the hard voice of our old pilot:

"Good-by, Sen'tor! I'll send yer a tug!" and he gave his bell a merry click.

Our huge boat gives one shuddering throb that rocks her from end to end, one plunge, and then she settles into a steady rush, and forges rapidly ahead. Wider and wider grows the gap; and we wind out of sight with the beaten boat five hundred yards behind.

The cigar I take from my mouth, to make way for the deep, long sigh, is chewed to perfect pulp. A wild, pent-up yell of half-savage triumph goes up from the crowded deck. Cheer after cheer follows, as we approach the thin column of smoke curling over the trees between us.

I doubt if heartier toast was ever drunk than that the colonel gave the group around the wheel-house, when Styles "stood" the wine plighted the pilot.

The veteran was beaming as he said: "Egad! I'd miss my dinner for a week for this! Gentlemen, a toast! Here's to the old boat! God bless her—soul!"

The Cyclone.

"And behold there came a great wind from the wilderness and smote the four corners of that house."—*Job.*

The burly Wind walked forth to find
Some pleasant place, some place to sing,
To pipe, to play, to laughing bind
The corn in gold for harvesting.
He heard a maiden sing; he laughed and sang
The while he wrought till all the cornfields rang.

And then he, laughing, turned about
To seek the woods where he had played
For eons past. But lo! a shout
Burst from his lips. He, shrieking, laid
His two hands forth, like Samson when he died,
And consternation was; and Death his bride!

The homeless Wind! The Wind unhoused!
This wind that brought us corn and wine,
The Wind was as a lion roused!
'Twas Samson and the Philistine. * * *
Go build again. But when ye build, I pray
Build ye a house wherein the Wind can play.

Give me the Wind, the glorious Wind,
The wide-winged, wondrous winds of God
That go or stay, or loose or bind,
Or walk the sea, or rend the sod;
But give the Wind that gives us wine and corn
Some place to bide wherein his strength was born.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Trinity Talk.

Mr. W. H. White, B.A., who is now residing at Kingston, was a visitor at college last week.

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Mr. C. S. MacInnes has been spending a few days at his home in Hamilton.

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The Trinity Glee Club filled its first engagement last evening at St. Stephen's schoolhouse. The glee, The Image of the Rose, was well rendered and Mr. Ewyn, who took the solo part in Who's That Calling so Sweet, was loudly encored. Mr. Abbott, the business manager, was indeed lucky in securing Mr. Ewyn, whose assistance in the solo parts will be most valuable.

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The first meeting of the Science Association for the year was held on Thursday evening last. The meeting was most successful, many interesting subjects being most ably discussed.

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The day for the annual football match with 'Varsity is near at hand, and if the men will but take a little trouble for the remaining few days and get into some sort of decent trim, there is every reason to think the game will be an interesting one, not perhaps a victory for Trinity, but if the 'Varsity men do win, it will be after a hard contested game. I am glad to say of late the practices have been larger than usual, and the men appear to play with more vim. The forwards begin to display some desire to be near the ball. These are good omens, and now only let our team "play ball" next Thursday and the old order of things may be changed. CÆCUS.

'Varsity Chat.

Hallowe'en is over, and the students had a most enjoyable evening. All the pent-up enthusiasm which they had collected since the supplemental examinations was allowed to escape. It appears that the manner in which the "cream of the culture of Canada" amused themselves did not meet with the tastes of a few of the free and independent, but what does a student care for public opinion, and, moreover, why should he concern himself about it? If anything interferes with his æstheticism, then so much the worse for such interference! The boys were out for enjoyment, and those from Old 'Varsity who had a "sportive choir" of policemen dancing along the streets, overcome by the soul-stirring melody of Old Grimes, say that their amusement was unalloyed. They got more fun that night at the Little Tycoon than on any other night at the theater during the past twelve months. To sweetly serenade the girls at the Ladies' College showed the true student spirit, and are we not advised to be true to ourselves. Who wouldn't be a student?

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Mr. J. R. Mott, B.A., of Cornell, and Mr. C. A. Webster, B.A., of our own institution and now a medical student, addressed a meeting of the members of the Y.M.C.A., in the 'Varsity association hall last Monday evening. Sir Daniel Wilson presided. Mr. Mott is secretary of the Y. M. C. A. international association, and as he spoke his hearers could not but be impressed with the unity of purpose which characterizes all the associations. If facts and statistics are reliable at all the Y. M. C. associations among the students the world over are wielding a mighty power for good.

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The students of the School of Practical Science have decided to set an evening apart for the purposes of a banquet. Mr. J. K. Robinson has been appointed chairman of a strong able-bodied committee to survey bills of fares and present a report of their observations at a future meeting when the time and place for partaking of the fruits of the land will be decided upon.

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Mr. J. Cronyn has recently been appointed an assistant in the library.

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Mr. A. J. McKinnon proved himself an able tactician as leader of the party in power in the mock parliament at the meeting of the Literary Society last week.

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The annual rifle match of K company will be held to-day at the Garrison Common. Sergt. Badgerow by his energetic action has led a fine body of recruits to join the company.

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The Oriental Club held its first meeting of the session last Tuesday night. Mr. T. L. Johnston presided.

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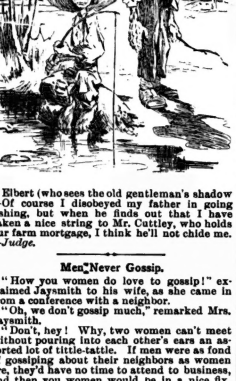
Some time ago in debate in the Knox College Literary Society it was decided that the use of pledges should be discouraged by the church. In spite of this, two of the students took a pledge to refrain from the use of tobacco for two months. In five days, however, they repented of this heresy and issued a proclamation revoking their former declaration. It is rumored that Human Depravity will be the subject for discussion in the near future among the students.

•

A member of the class of '91, when a freshman, was once asked by his fond and indulgent father what was the prettiest thing he ever saw in print? Glibly the innocent youth replied "a girl in a calico dress." A freshman of to-day who proudly boasts of the progress of culture says that at Christmas holidays he will tell his friends that "the prettiest girl that ever he saw" wore a college gown. To him pretty things have gone out of print. O, spring exams.! DRAX ALEEN.

Spoken Aloud.



Elbert (who sees the old gentleman's shadow—Of course I disobeyed my father in going fishing, but when he finds out that I have taken a nice string to Mr. Cuttley, who holds our farm mortgage, I think he'll not chide me. —*Judge.*

Men Never Gossip.

"How you women do love to gossip!" exclaimed Jaysmith to his wife, as she came in from a conference with a neighbor.

"Oh, we don't gossip much," remarked Mrs. Jaysmith.

"Don't, hey! Why, two women can't meet without pouring into each other's ears an assorted lot of tittle-tattle. If men were as fond of gossiping about their neighbors as women are, they'd have no time to attend to business, and then you women would be in a nice fix, wouldn't you, with no money coming into the house. I can't imagine such curiosity as women have about other people's affairs."

"I'm sure I don't gossip, Mr. Jaysmith. You never hear me talking about my neighbors."

"Don't, hey!"

"No, sir, you don't! Why, when Mrs. McCrackle left town with a married man last week, I saw her go, and I never breathed a word about it to a living soul."

"What's that?" exclaimed Jaysmith. "Mrs. McCrackle left town with a married man, and her husband in Europe on a business trip! That's rich. Last week, you said? Who was the man?"

"I don't see what you want to know for. Men don't like to gossip, you know."

"Oh, but this is different from ordinary gossiping. Who was the man? Where did they go? Has she come back yet?"

"No, she hasn't come back; but it seems to me you are asking a good many questions for a man who has no curiosity about other people's affairs.

"But, really, you must tell me. I think it is my duty to cable McCrackle about how his wife is carrying on in his absence."

"No, I shan't tell you anything more about it, Mr. Jaysmith. The fellow is a nice know you'll be so deeply interested in Mr. McCrackle's affairs that you won't have any time to attend to business, and then I'd be in a nice fix, with no money coming into the house, wouldn't I?"

"Jennie—Mrs. Jaysmith—I insist on knowing all the facts about Mrs. McCrackle's reprehensible behavior. As her husband's friend, I demand that you tell me all you know about it, so that I can cable to him intelligently. Poor fellow! What a shock it will be to him! He was so fond of her; and she went away with a married man last week and hasn't come back. I'm afraid the elopement will drive him crazy."

"Elopement! Who said anything about elopement?"

"Why, you did!"

"Indeed, I didn't!"

"Didn't you say Mrs. McCrackle had run off with a married man?"

"No, I didn't, and if you hadn't such a keen scent for gossip and such a curiosity about other people's affairs, you wouldn't have misunderstood me."

"Then what in the world did you say?"

"I said that Mrs. McCrackle had left town with a married man. And so she did. She went with her brother, who lives in the country, to stay there until her husband comes back from Europe."

But Jaysmith did not wait to hear all of this explanation. He slapped on his hat and went down the street and acted real cross.

A Too Realistic Elocutionary Performance.

It was one of those evenings when there are all sorts of things to entertain the guests—piano playing, reading and half a dozen things; and the programme was so long that by the time it came the turn of Miss Bangs to edify the company with her remarkably elocutionary powers it was near midnight. The selection she read was one which had been written for her, but which she had never read in public. There had been a little notice of it in the society columns of the papers and much curiosity had been described as being on the tiptoe in regard to it, a painful attitude which Miss Bangs was to relieve by her performance.

Some of the guests had departed, but the rest arranged themselves in attitudes of the deepest attention and the elocutionist, in a wonderful flame-colored gown, came forward. She began in a smooth and suave manner to read a description of a certain night, and the guests, already wearied out, were in a moment soothed almost to slumber by the softness of her reading. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, Miss Bangs drew in a full breath and at the top of her lungs in a voice that seemed powerful enough to be heard half way across the city began literally to yell "Murder! Murder! Murder!!!"

The drowsy company was electrified. The ladies sprang to their feet and sat down again as they realized that this wild outburst was only part of the performance; while the hostess began to glance uncomfortably around to see if the windows were closed. Having given her shriek, the reader, apparently well pleased with the effect she had produced, fell back into a more moderate tone to relate what the effect of the cry had been on the man who heard it in silent night. She had gone on for a moment only when hurried steps were heard, and in the doorway appeared the footman of the establishment, accompanied by a policeman whom in his nervousness he had hastily collected from the street.

Just at the moment the reader had come to another passage wherein she felt called upon to screech "Murder!" at the top of her voice, and seeing the policeman in the doorway she extended toward him a pair of flamed-colored arms and shrieked in a voice which did credit to her training on the score of force at least, and which fairly made the welkin ring. The policeman may not have been very intelligent, but it was not wholly strange that under the circumstances he thought the young woman had gone mad. Without a word he rushed to her and caught her by her extended arms. She screamed then in good earnest, and instantly the hostess sprang forward to explain to the too-ready guardian of the peace that the cause of affairs was; but the recitation was not continued. It was on the whole thought to be too realistic.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

How He Won Her.

Jack (who has popped)—It takes you a long time to decide.

Sallie—I know. And I've about concluded to wear a demi-train of white chiffon over white silk, and have no bridesmaids.—*Judge.*

An Accomplished Musician.

She—Does she really know anything about music?

He—Yes. She knows that I don't care to hear her play and sing.—*Life.*

Practical Physiognomy.

Griggs—Why, that fellow's face would carry him anywhere.

Diggs—Yes, indeed. You know he got into jail last week.—*Life.*

Very Reprehensible of Her.

"Miss Weehawken just loads herself down with jimcracks of one kind and another," remarked Miss Bleecker.

"Yes," replied Miss Beacon-Street of Boston; "she has a great fancy for James interstices." —*Judge.*

Peter Ragland's Defence.

Peter Ragland, the whitewasher, was arrested on a charge of having snatched a lady's pocketbook. "The proof," said the justice, "is so plain that further investigation is unnecessary."

"No, it ain't sah," the negro replied. "Dar's times when suthin' dat dun looks like proof shrivels up might'ly when you fling de fire-light o' reason right strong down on de question."

"Well, but what fire-light of reason can affect the proof that you met this lady walking quietly on the street and you snatched her purse?"

"Now, jedge, lemme tell you suthin'. I wuz comin' laung de street, an' yere come dis lady. She come er laung, she did, er holdin' out her money-bag dis er way (imitating), an' I thought dat she wuz offerin' it ter me, an' I tuck it, I did. I allus takes everything dat is offered ter me, sah."

"But why did you think that she was offering it to you?" queried the judge.

"Wall, you see my little daughter hes been sick for some time, an' de white folks hes been powerful kind ter me—gibs me suthin' putty nigh ever day, an' I thought dat dis lady yered erbout hit an' wanted me ter git some medicine."

"That's all very well, but what made you run so fast after snatching the purse?"

"Who, me?" he asked, shuffling to gain time.

"Yes, you."

"Wy, jedge," he exclaimed, with the brightness of a sudden idea, "if wanted ter hurry on homer ter carry de good news—wanted to tell my po' wife dat de puttiest lady I eber seed in my life dun gib us money enuff der git all the medicine we want. Oh, no, sah, I ain't no han' ter poke erlaung when good news is er stirrin' up my heels. I hes seed white folks dat had been sent after er docter poke erlong, but it ain't datter way wid me, fer when I think the puttiest white lady I eber seed as dun gib me money, I ain't gwine let er crap o' grass grow under my feet. Jes look at dat lady, jedge. Ain't she putty? Fo' de Lawd, she dun put me in mine o' my mistis laung fo' de wah. Putty ladies is er gittin' mighty scace now. Oh, I knows 'em. Ole marster uster say to me: 'Pete, he'd 'low, 'ef I wuz er gooder jedge o' beauty er you is, I wouldn' do nothin' but stan' roun' an' pick out wives fer dese good-lookin' young men.' Now, jedge, I has dun gib my 'splanation, and you mer sen' me ter jail ef you wants ter."

"Judge," said the woman, coyly holding her head to one side, and "tittering" just enough to be girlish, "perhaps I was to blame. Indeed, I believe I offered him the purse, not thinking of what I was doing at the time. I think you ought to let him off."

A broad smile became epidemic in the court room. The justice said that the purse-snatcher was free.—*Pittsburg Despatch.*

With Explanations.

Extracts from music catalogue:

"Trust her not"—for four shillings.

"I would not live always"—without accompaniment.

"See the conquering hero comes"—with full orchestra.

"Come where my love lies dreaming"—with illuminated cover.

"There was a little fisher-maiden"—in three parts.

"The trumpet shall sound"—with variations.

A Proposal.

Jack Dash.—Charlie, what do you think Miss Passe said to me last night at the ball?

Charlie Fast.—Can't imagine.

Jack Dash.—Well, she looked at me in a melting sorting of way, and said, with a blush, "Jack, you are an indifferent sort of cavalier, so you must pardon me if I propose——"

Charlie Fast.—Good heavens! you don't mean it?

Jack Dash (continuing calmly).—"——If I propose that you make an effort to reach the supper table before the seats are all appropriated."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Who's to Blame.

Wife—Horrors! Our daughter has eloped with your type-writing young man.

Husband—Well, you wouldn't let me hire a young woman.

Enshrined in Crystal.

Downton—Why did you have such an ugly-looking cur as that stuffed and placed under a glass case?

Upton (with emotion)—That dog saved my life.

Downton—Well! well! How?

Upton—When we got back from our wedding tour, my wife baked a cake for me and the dog ate it.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Perfectly Sober.

Miss Terriut—When mommer and I were in Yurrup, oh, the awfulest thing happened! There was a prince—and a count—and—and they fought a duel—about poor me—with pistols.

Yabsley—Ah! were they loaded?

Miss Turriut—No, they weren't! They were just as sober as could be.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Following Suit.

He attained the proud title of Mr.
And she pledged to be more than a sir,
So they stood as the altar
And ne'er did he falter,
When he bent o'er and solemnly kr.

—*Buffalo Express.*

The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicily," Etc.

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CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

So Maidie, full of innocent excitement and natural curiosity, ran lightly up the stairs and reached the empty rooms; but there she stopped, confused and puzzled, for there was no appearance of any stairs leading up higher. There was the lobby she knew well, with the doors leading to the different rooms, and the passage intersecting it as on the floor below, but no more stairs at all.

"I couldn't have dreamt it!" said Maidie, putting up her hand to her brow. "Oh, no! I know it was true! There must be a back stairway somewhere. I'll find it."

Roused and excited, the child ran from room to room, peeping into all the cupboards, and hunting every hole and corner for the traces of the staircase. She found the back stairs leading down again, but they ended in one of the rooms; but there was nothing going up higher. She could not understand it. Some attic rooms certainly existed overhead, but she could have been a way to get to them. People could not be expected to reach them by flying!

Slowly she retraced her steps to the head of the stairs by which she had come. Her face was grave and expressed something akin to fear. It seemed uncanny, this puzzle about the house, and she was half inclined to rush back to Corona, and try and forget all about it.

But while she stood hesitating in the dusky lobby, something on the wall above caught her eye. She gazed and gazed, and gradually out of the shadow she seemed to see the outline of a door—a door that had been walled up with brickwork, and then painted over to look like the woodwork round. Closer examination showed more marks in the wall, as if steps had once led up to this door, steps that were now removed, and the very trace of them almost obliterated. The more the child looked, the more she felt sure that she was right in her surmise. There had been stairs. There had been a door; and those stairs must have led through that doorway into the rooms above.

But why had they been destroyed? What ghastly secret was shrouded in those upper attics, shut off from any communication with the outer world? In a sudden panic of terror at her own question, Maidie fled downstairs and poured out her incoherent tale into the startled ears of her sister.

Corona, her heart beating painfully at she knew not what, accompanied Maidie upstairs, and together they stood looking at the discovery the child had made, their faces pale and their voices tremulous as they talked together; though Corona tried to smile at Maidie's terrible suggestions of ghosts, murders, and mysteries, and whilst in reality her own fearful misgivings far outstripped those of her little sister.

Maidie's thoughts were all of the past; but Corona's were of the ghastly possibility of future crime.

A soft step near at hand caused them both to start violently, and Corona's flesh literally crept as she saw the pale, smiling face of her guardian appear from below.

"Ah, my dears, so you have noticed the little structural peculiarity of my odd, old house! Wondered whether you would ever do so."

"How did you know we were here?" asked Maidie, almost bluntly.

"I chanced to be in my bedroom, and heard a scampering and scurrying of feet overhead. I thought there must be a whole army of rats and mice up here; but it was a larger species of the woman tribe"—and he patted Maidie's head, though she shrank visibly from him.

"Would you like to hear the story of that walled up door? My dear Corona, you look not well. You tremble, and your face is white. Come down to the warmth of your own room; and, if you have any wish to hear a curious tale, you shall hear it."

They were thankful to escape from that dim, haunted spot at any price. The sisters descended hand in hand, and Mr. Vansittart followed. He followed them into their own room, stirred up the fire, was solicitous that Corona should be made quite comfortable, and when the sisters were seated close together on the couch, with their arms about one another, he took a chair opposite and began his tale.

Maidie was listening with the ruthless attention of childish credulity, but Corona's face was less easy to read.

"The holy man came and examined the house, and sprinkled it with blessed water, and said prayers in many places; but when he reached the topmost storey, the extra part of the building which had been added by the astrologer, he made some discoveries that so horrified him that he urged the walling up of the whole place, as it had been so polluted by the black arts of wicked men that it ought to be obliterated from the face of the earth.

"My ancestor, who was not using the inconvenient top rooms, was quite willing to take the advice of the good priest, and accordingly the doorway was walled up, and the additional stairs taken down. The house is now as when first built, and the extra rooms are given over to rats and mice and general decay; and the mice and rats, young ladies, never try to meddle in matters too hard for your comprehension.

"It was nearly a century ago that that door was walled up. Originally the house was, as you now know it; but very long ago—two hundred years perhaps—one of my ancestors, who was a great astrologer, added some rooms on the top, where he could examine the stars at his leisure, and indulge his black arts without molestation. He and his immediate successors became so noted for their strange ways that they obtained the unenviable reputation of wizards, and the house got an evil name in consequence. Strange tales were circulated about them; and one of these was that the last of these so-called magicians had sold his soul to the devil, and could not rest in his grave. He did nothing but wander about the house, and disturb the quiet and respectable inmates, until in the days of his great-grandfather, or grandfather—I forget which—the nuisance became so intolerable that council was taken with an holy man, to see if the restless spirit could not be laid."

The tone was so significant that Corona shivered; but Maidie was too much interested to heed the tone of voice.

"And did the ghost ever come again?"

"No, never. He was either walled up or frightened away; and although people are still fond of calling this a haunted house, it only shows how little they know about it."

Mr. Vansittart departed with a smile and a gentle gesture of farewell, and Maidie turned eagerly to her sister asked:

"Oh, Corona, do you believe him? What an interesting tale!"

"Funny things do happen in old houses," said Corona, who had no wish to increase Maidie's nervous terrors. "And if it all happened a long time ago, when people were superstitious and easily frightened, it is no excuse for a good deal. If there is no ghost now, we need not trouble about the walled up room," and she tried to smile, though not successfully.

Mr. Vansittart's story had fascinated Maidie; she was willing to put all credence in it; but Corona turned the matter over and over in her mind, each time with a greater sense of misgiving.

Drake's hand was still in her care, for the scalds were deep, and it was polluted to get the places well when he was not permitted any relaxation of his accustomed duties. His sullen moodiness, though by no means conquered, was gradually melting in the presence of the sisters, the only beings on earth who had ever shown him any kindness. The man was by no means stupid, and though he professed to understand no one save his master, Corona now discovered that it was not at all difficult to establish a simple system of signals, which he was very quick to comprehend when once he chose to do so.

Gradually her real sympathy for his loneliness and affliction, and her gentle ministrations on his behalf, had won their way to his heart; and though he gave few outward signs of change, his master suspected nothing. Corona felt that she could count upon him almost as a friend.

One day when she had tended his head, and he was about to go, she beckoned him to follow, and led him upstairs to the place which had so roused their curiosity a short time earlier.

Maidie was in the garden, and the Vansittarts were shut up in their own rooms; Corona had ascertained before she attempted her inquiry.

Pointing to the brickwork and places in the wall where the stairs had been removed, she glanced at him with a question in her eyes.

As she did so, the face of the deaf mute changed; a sort of wild horror leapt into his eyes; and he made vehement gestures as if bidding Corona leave that spot and inquire of it no more. So strange and terrible was his face, and so significant his movements, that a sick shuddering shook her frame, and she was glad to turn and speed away.

From that moment she never doubted that the walled-up door led to a place where some ghastly tragedy had been enacted.

Was her guardian one of the actors in that tragedy? Was Mr. Vansittart guilty of some dreadful, secret crime?

They had always felt him capable of it. She had asked the question sometimes before, but never before with the shuddering sense of certainty that assailed her now. Would she and her sister escape from that ill-omened house before they too had experienced the evil effects of a power they were unable to resist, and which might blast at once the promise of love and happiness which was now putting out its tender blossoms?

Who would be Mr. Vansittart's next victim?

CHAPTER VIII.

DIPLOMACY.

"You are coming to the ball to-night are you not, Mervyn?"

"The ball? What ball, Mildred?"

"Oh, you queer boy! You don't mean you have forgotten that it is the hunt ball to-night! Why we were talking about it only this morning. It is to be the greatest ever they have ever had yet. Keith rode through Westbury to-day. He says the flowers were going into the Assembly Rooms in cart-loads."

Mervyn had come in looking worn and fagged, though perhaps only a sister's eye would have noted any change in him.

"Are you tired?" she asked with solicitude.

"What have you been doing with yourself all day?"

"Oh, one thing and another—nothing very exciting. Where is my father?"

"He got a letter after lunch which sent him off to Westbury; but I don't know what it was about."

"I'm afraid I do."

"Oh, Mervyn, what?"

"That affair of the Stormont silver."

Mildred made a little gesture of distress and disgust.

"Do you really think so? Then we shall have it all over again—all the rancor, and bitterness, and irritation that I did hope we had lived through. Oh, dear; I am sorry."

"But have they a leg to stand upon?" asked Cicely from her distant corner.

"I don't know; but it will make no difference if Mr. Musgrave chooses to go into litigation. He has lots of money to throw away, and if it harasses my father, he will think it well spent."

"What a wretched creature he is," said Mildred.

"I can't think how he comes to have such a well meaning family," added Cicely. "We all know what Cedric is, and how the younger son and daughter have appeared in society here they have shown that they have more of their parent's rancor in them. It is my opinion that Keith is very much smitten with pretty little Marjorie."

"Oh, hush Cicely," said Mildred warningly, "you know what Keith's attachments are—and it would never do for papa to hear such a thing—especially just now."

"Nonsense, not, not," added Mervyn, with a decision rather unusual with him. "In fact we had better keep as quiet as we can about these relatives of ours, and see as little of them as possible. People say that their influence is at work stirring up the discontent of our people here; but I cannot tell if that is true. But there is enough going on to worry the father without our stirring him up by seeming to fraternize with his enemies."

"I thought you were anxious for a general amnesty!"

"So I am; and I think the best way of gaining such a point—if it ever is to be gained—is by being very cautious for a time."

"We are sure to meet them all to-night."

"Yes, and we had better avoid them as much as possible."

"Even Cedric?"

"Yes, even Cedric. If he asks you to dance, Mildred, you had better be engaged."

"Well, I will, if you think it best; but I like Cedric. I should be sorry if——"

"Oh, he will understand. Hush! here comes my father!"

Lord Doversfield entered in a state of great exasperation and excitement. It was only too true what Mervyn had surmised. Mr. Musgrave was in full possession of facts before unknown to him, and with his rapacity stirred by the sight of the beautiful old family heirlooms, had made out a very plausible tale, and had threatened another law-suit if the whole of the Stormont plate was not immediately surrendered. Lord Doversfield was furious both at the preposterous audacity of the claim itself, and at the way in which it was put. Insult breathed in every word of the letter, as was always the case in the correspondence with Mr. Musgrave's solicitors, and the Earl's family remembered well and with no little fear, the extreme irritability of nerves that was always engendered in their father by any correspondence with his cousin.

And now, almost for the first time in his life, Lord Doversfield turned upon his son.

"And this is all your doing, Mervyn—the result of your idle, nonchalant, half hearted ways. If you had had the least spark of right feeling you could never have consorted with any of that crew. But you would go your own way—you never will heed a word that is said to you—and this is the result!"

"I am truly sorry, sir. I am aware that my action in the matter has been judged and illtimed; but who could have believed the man was not a cur?"

"I could; if you had taken the trouble to consult me. I knew him thoroughly long before you were born. But that is the way with you young men—you will go your own way. Nothing would satisfy you but to make a friend and companion of the son of my worst enemy—and this is what comes of it!"

"Indeed, sir, I think you need not mix up Cedric in this affair. It was no doing of his."

"How do you know that? How do I know what deep game he may be up to? Like father, like son—I would not more trust one of that crew than I would trust—Judas Iscariot himself! What guarantee have you that he and his father are not in league? How do I know that it is not as a spy that he comes to my house at all."

Mervyn saw that the conversation had reached a point at which any kind of reply would only make matters worse, so he refrained from attempting one, and the Earl, working himself up into a greater fury as he went on, continued his tirade.

"Mark you, Mervyn, I will never have that man in my house again. I will not have you seen to converse with him. I forbid you to make a friend of him. I will not have it said that my son sets me at open defiance in order that he may gratify his self-will and show his independence by showing the whole world that he is the devoted friend of the eldest son of his father's bitterest foe. I will not have it, I say Mervyn, I will not have it. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir; and I will give you no cause to complain of any such thing."

But Lord Doversfield when once roused was not easily appeased, and his very love for Mervyn seemed to add to the bitterness of his present mood.

"There has never been a bit of peace in the house since you came back. First, you are always making overtures to my enemies—do I know what I am saying. I know your tricks, and the tricks you put your brother up to. Keith never attempted such fast and loose games until he had your example to egg him on. And you cannot deny that, you set the whole estate in a ferment, and bring a perfect hornet's nest about my ears. I tell you what it is, Mervyn, if you don't take care you will find Eagle's Crag too hot to hold you. Do you know what ugly rumors are afloat all over? I do not choose to have my life made a perpetual burden to me, through your romantic folly, or new-fangled notions of philanthropy."

"Oh, papa," cried Mildred, distressed. "How can you speak so to Mervyn!"

But the old peer was not to be appeased.

"When Mervyn is master here he can do as he pleases; but so long as I am here I mean to be obeyed, and if Mervyn does not choose to submit he can go elsewhere."

Mervyn made no response of any kind. Save that he looked rather pale, it might have been thought that he did not even hear what was said. His eyes were half closed; he did not move from his semi-recumbent position in the deep, easy chair.

"Mervyn does always obey you, papa," urged Mildred, in distress. "Everyone may make a mistake sometimes, but it is very hard if they are to be thought to have done it on purpose."

The outbreak of anger on Lord Doversfield's part had passed its climax, but he was not going to appear to give way.

"Mervyn's mistakes are all on one side, my dear, and too consistent to be regarded as you wish. Let him make a mistake and quarrel with his dear friend, and show that he has a little proper pride about him, and perhaps I may believe in his proper feeling again. As it is, I confess I am greatly disappointed in him; I never thought to feel so disappointed in any son of mine."

And Lord Doversfield walked out of the room, as if he was afraid he might relent if he stayed; and Mervyn remained exactly in the same attitude.

"He does not mean it," said Mildred.

"He is vexed and worried about this possible law suit," added Cicely. "One cannot help understanding how aggravating things are to him."

"But he need not have been so unjust."

"He will be all the better for having relieved his feelings."

"I dare say; but it is very hard to sit still and have all those things flung at you."

Mervyn let the two girls talk without attempting to reply. He passed no comment of any kind upon the scene just passed. Presently he rose and made his way to the door.

"Where are you going?"

"To dress. I am not fit for the drawing-room. What time shall we have to start for this affair to-night?"

"We ought to go soon after dinner—not later than half-past nine. Are you coming, then?"

"Of course I am coming. You will want an escort, and I presume my father will hardly appear."

"No; he would not care to meet the other Musgraves. You are right, Mervyn, we must be very careful. I wish I had Keith. I wish he had heard this for himself."

Mildred would have wished it still more could she have seen Keith's present occupation, which was riding along a miry lane in company with Marjorie and Jock, only that as the lane was very muddy, Jock had to be kept behind, and he was far too good-natured to be a willing spoiler of any harmless sport.

"Then you will keep two dances for me to-night, Marjorie? You promised me your ball by not appearing at it, in spite of all I said."

"Oh, Keith, you know I couldn't—I would have done if I might."

"You should have given them the slip at home as Jock did——"

"Girls cannot be independent like boys."

"Well then you must make up for your defection to-night. Mind, I will take no denial. This is a public ball where latitude is allowed. I am a very determined kind of a fellow, and I mean to get my own way."

She laughed, but did not promise, being something too fond of a little flirt in her own way. She liked Keith better than anyone in the world so far; but she was not going to be his slave yet. She preferred that he should be hers.

Keith only got home in time to dress for dinner; and though he was aware from the rural atmosphere that something unpleasant had occurred, he did not know what it was till he and his brother were driving along in the dog-cart together after having seen the ladies into the carriage and given them a good start.

Keith was startled at first to make light of the whole matter, and when his brother's manner forbade that he grew impatient and irritable. However, he did not commit himself to anything definite and Mervyn had to hope for the best as regards his discretion.

The ball rooms were gaily lighted, and quite a blaze of flowers. Crowds of people had arrived already, and the dancing had been some time in progress. The Eagle's Crag party were motorious for arriving late, but their appearance was always hailed with a buzz of welcome. Lord Mervyn's dancing was exceptionally good, and Keith was one of the most popular men at a ball or party to be found in the length and breadth of the land.

Corona St. Cyr was there—one of the latest arrivals apparently, for she was near the door still, and had not begun to dance. Cedric Musgrave was at her side, writing his name upon her card; he had brought her, whilst Mr. Vansittart looked on with a smile.

Next minute she was being led off upon his arm to join the whirling throng; and Mervyn leaning back against the wall with his arms folded and brow cast, watched them with close attention, forgetful, or rather unconscious, that he himself was rather a marked man in that capacity, and that many eyes were fixed upon him.

When once Cedric appeared the sun shone in Corona's sky, and all the clouds fled away as if they had never existed. These two were so compliably and dangerously alike in that it was hard to avoid self-betrayal; but they felt isolated by reason of the crowds around them—and this happiness was so inexpressibly sweet.

How handsome the young man looked, with his brave, light, open face, crowned with its golden Viking locks. He was certainly a marked man in any company with his stately height, his graceful bearing, and that air of distinction that birth alone bestows.

As for Corona, her exquisite loveliness would grace any assemblage, and the slight atmosphere of mystery that surrounded her, as well as the rumor of her fabulous wealth—greatly exaggerated of course—made her an object of no little attention. It was whispered on many sides that there seemed to be "something" between the young man and the maiden who proved the most admirable couple in the room, whilst some averred that Lord Mervyn was undoubtedly courting the heiress, and others that she was destined as the bride of Mrs. Musgrave's son, Jocelyn.

Certainly Jock was the next to claim her hand, and she seemed pleased to be taken away by him. Mr. Vansittart and Mrs. Musgrave were exceedingly deep in talk, and this gave Cedric the opportunity he desired.

Cedric had seen Mervyn, and skirted the wall till he reached his side. He would have shaken hands, but Mervyn had not taken his hand out of his pockets; as it was he merely took up his stand beside him.

"Not dancing, Mervyn? Anything wrong? You don't look well."

"Don't I? Look here, Cedric—I don't want to be seen talking to you."

"Oh, I see—that detestable Stormont silver business. Let's go somewhere else then. I've a lot to say to you. I've never told you about my new plan of——"

"Don't tell me of it, Cedric. It's better I should know nothing of you and your affairs just now." He had never once turned his head as he spoke; his face looked as if carved in flint. Casual spectators would say he bore no good will to his kinsman.

"Do you really mean that, Mervyn?"

"I am sorry to say I do."

Cedric looked steadily at him for a moment, a flush slowly rising in his face, and as slowly fading again.

"Very good," he answered, quickly. "It shall be as you wish. Doubtless you know best."

(To be Continued.)

No Need To Be Alarmed.

Mr. Pine (of New York)—I feel rather embarrassed, as the subject I am going to speak of is rather delicate.

Miss Force (from Chicago)—Oh, don't let that embarrass you! To tell the truth, I am very fond of delicacies.—*Puck.*

Absurd Superstition.

Superstition runs wild in Russia. At Serpoukhov near Moscow an official announcement was recently placarded at street corners. The common people are unable to read. They requested a man, who looked like a priest, to decipher for them the contents of the bill. He unhesitatingly and positively declared that it contained the warning that the city of Serpoukhov would be swallowed up in the earth. In less than an hour the news spread throughout the place, and the people abandoned their work and began streaming out into the fields in large crowds. All the factories were deserted by the laborers. It was some time before the frightened crowds were restored to reason and to their regular pursuits; but the originator of the trouble could not be found.—*Waverley Magazine.*

He Agreed.

Mr. B.—What are you laughing about, Jennie?

Mrs. B.—I was just thinking what a fool you looked when you proposed to me.

Mr. B. (sighing)—Yes; and I was just as big a fool as I looked.

Another Blunder.

Officer—Stop! I am an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I see you are driving a horse which can scarcely crawl.

Cabman (confidentially)—Hist! Th' hoss is all right. I be ma that's holdin' him in. I've got a passenger wot pays by the hour.

Too Literal.

Mrs. Pussley—You won't do a thing to please me now, and yet before you married me you said you would go through fire and water for me.

Pussley—So I would, my dear. The water would put out the fire out, you know.—*Puck.*

Wedding Gifts

That one may have as many recurring wedding festivals as there are wedding days recurring, no one will deny. But that one may turn any of these festivals into an excuse for begging and receiving, an excuse for imposing another domestic tax upon friends and acquaintances, no one now will assert. Whatever may have been polite usage a generation since.

It has begun to be much more than questioned whether those who are called the better classes, and who give us our social laws, if there is not something ignoble, and beneath the honor of those who would establish a hearth and home, in becoming the recipients of what, after all, is not the voluntary contribution of good will and joy in the new altar to be set up, but is a sort of domestic tax upon habit and expectation; and if it ought not rather to be reckoned as an impertinence when one who has no close right to do so sends gifts of great cost; and if all gifts, outside of those coming from individuals on whom there is family or other claim, ought not to be inexpensive, and the evidence of remembrance rather than expenditure.

And if this question arises with regard to the friends of those who are married, what is to be thought concerning the similar commemoration of the fifth and tenth and twentieth anniversaries of the marriage of the others by the way? By what law of right or decency are all our friends to be placed under contribution again because we have passed five happy or unhappy years of married life, and are asked to send us their congratulations in the shape of wooden articles of more or less value—desks, chairs, furniture for bed-rooms, wooden ware for kitchens? Why, when the next lustrum has been passed, should notice be served on one's visiting list that gifts of tin are now in order, as if the scullery shelves stood in need of replenishing? Why, when fifteen years have rolled over us, should we expect our friends to turn out *en masse* and attend our crystal wedding, with pitchers and vases and jugs and what not in hand, as if the marriage had any right to be named together with things of such fragility, or had any sentimental or other connection with china jardinieres, bits of Royal Worcester, Dresden parasol holders, Venetian curios, and tear-bottles from old tombs? Or why, when five more years have been allowed us, should we again call upon the population of our corner of the universe to fill our linen closets and supply the waste in our linen damask, in our bedlinen, in our bureau covers, all under the disguise of what is called a linen wedding?

That we may summon our friends about us on every one of these and other anniversaries of our wedding day is of course a natural right, and a very pleasant one to exercise, glad ourselves, and satisfying them as well as us; but that we should make it obligatory on them, very possibly, to pinch and deny themselves elsewhere in order to give us the appropriate gift, to take trouble by going about and seeking something suitable to give anyway, when the same gift from any of them on any other day would be out of place and a subject for remark, by inviting them to an occasion styled by us a wooden, a tin, a glass, or any other sort of wedding, is quite another thing.

It is no longer the habit with our best people to receive gifts of silver even on the more unusual occurrence of a twenty-fifth wedding day, except where exceptional reasons have had influence. For although the silver wedding is held with all due honor of silvered cards and ornaments and dress, the friends are requested to bring no other offering than their congratulations. And at the rare and beautiful old golden weddings, which, however, seem to occur no more frequently than once flowers, flowers in profusion, golden flowers and white, are the only offerings allowed by good taste beyond the congratulations of sons and daughters and grandchildren. Indeed, whenever one thinks of the great sacredness and tenderness of the marriage relation, it seems difficult to see how any can be willing to vulgarize and profane it by such a custom as the asking and receiving of gifts, and we would expect its anniversaries to be celebrated not in rude merrymaking, but with a sort of sweet solemnity making such things impossible.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents, five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

The ALE and STOUT of JOHN LABATT, LONDON, is undoubtedly the BEST. TRY IT.

JAMES GOOD & CO.

Sole Agents, Toronto.

THE Wonder of The Age

ECLIPSE DYES

A NEW Improved for DYE

Home Dyeing

Nothing but Water required in using

10c a package. For sale everywhere. If your dealer does not keep them, send direct to the manufacturers.

J. S. ROBERTSON & CO., MONTREAL.

HEADACHE

HOFFMAN'S HARMLESS HEADACHE POWDERS

are the result of persistent study and experimenting by an expert chemist, tested in the most severe cases and submitted to the highest medical authority, endorsed and pronounced perfectly harmless. Thousands now silent to their virtues, and would suffer from Headaches if they will use Hoffman's Powders.

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE.

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BEATHA IS CALLED AWAY.

Wilhelm Mencke, after reading the foregoing account over the second time, sat for a long time absorbed in thought, a cunning and malicious gleam in his small eyes, as if some deep and crafty plot were taking root in his brain.

"I must do it!" he muttered, at length. "I must get hold of Violet—get her into my power, and away from New York, where she is constantly liable to meet that——architect. Then I must find Belle. Where can the lade have been all this time! It is absolutely necessary that I find her, for she is—ahem! yes, of course, she is the next of kin; and if we manage things cleverly we can get hold of this handsome pile that Jonas Huntington spent all his life in hoarding, and hold up our heads once more. It is evident that Belle isn't in Cincinnati, or she would have seen the advertisements and have put in her own claim before this—the old girl isn't at all backward, where money is concerned, any more than I am. I can't believe she has remained in London all these months, for she could have had but precious little money, and she'd be likely to want to get back to her own country, if she had herself to take care of."

Once more he dropped into deep thought, but after a time began to soliloquize again.

"I wonder if it would be of any use for me to advertise in the New York papers for her," he mused. "It would be queer if she should be hiding here, as well as the rest of us, and yet there isn't a better place to lose one's self in, take the world over. I've half a mind to try it, for find her I must, or I can never get the handling of that fortune."

The next day there appeared in three of the morning papers a personal to this effect:

"WANTED—To learn the whereabouts of **Mrs. B.**, formerly of Cincinnati. She will learn of something to her advantage if she will confer with **W. M.**, No. 20 —— street, New York City."

This advertisement was printed in each paper twice a week during the next two months, but without producing the desired information, consequently the crafty plotter could not carry out his schemes, and Jonas Huntington's great fortune still remained in the hands of the Cincinnati lawyer, Ralph Middleton. Meantime, however, Wilhelm Mencke was on the alert about other matters.

He haunted the vicinity of No. —— Fifth avenue, trying to learn something of Violet's movements, and to carry out the plot which he had laid for her unwary feet.

Once or twice he saw her go out to ride with Bertha and her father, but after that he did not get another glimpse of her for long weeks, while every day he saw a doctor's carriage stand for half an hour or more before the palatial residence of the wealthy banker, and he began to think that Violet herself might be dangerously ill.

One evening just at dusk, after a long watch in the vicinity, he accosted a servant coming out of the basement door, and, raising his hat politely, he inquired:

"Who is sick here, miss? I see a doctor's team here every day, as I pass from my work."

"The young lady of the house, sir," responded the girl, regarding him wonderingly.

"What, the poor, pretty little thing whose eyes are bad?" he asked, in a tone of affected sympathy.

"Yes," the girl said, tears springing to her own eyes, for, since Violet had been in the house, Bertha had grown to be a different girl, and the servants all loved her now.

"What is the matter?" Wilhelm Mencke asked, secretly disappointed to learn that it was not Violet who was sick, for it would be much easier to get possession of the fortune that had been recently willed to her if she were out of the way.

"She had a bad fall, sir, a while ago. The doctor says her spine is fractured in two places, and she'll never be well again," the girl explained.

"That is bad enough, but not so bad as if there wasn't plenty of money and good friends to look after her," the man returned.

"That is true, sir," said the girl, growing communicative under the interest which her companion manifested, "and she does have the best of care and attention. Miss Huntington, the governess, is just beautiful with her—so kind and gentle, and Miss Bertha can't bear to have her out of her sight a minute."

"That is very nice of the young lady, to be sure, but does she stay with her the whole time?" inquired Mr. Mencke, who desired to post himself thoroughly regarding Violet's movements.

"Mostly—except nights."

"She'll be getting sick herself. Doesn't she go out to get the air a little?"

"Well, for half an hour or so, about noon, when the master makes her go with him."

Ah! this explained why Wilhelm Mencke had never seen her out.

His dinner hour was at twelve, and as that meal was the most important one of the day to him, he was busily engaged when Violet took her airing.

He resolved to govern himself accordingly after this; though, if Mr. Lawrence always accompanied Violet, he feared he would be unable to accomplish his purpose.

"Your master must be a very kind man to take such an interest in the governess," he slyly remarked.

"Law! Next to Bertha, he sets his eyes by her. There's nothing he wouldn't do for her; and——" with a significant laugh and a toss of her trim head, for the girl dearly loved to gossip if she could get any one to listen to her—"there's a bet between me and the coachman—a pair of new bracelets against a new hat—that she'll be the mistress here yet."

Wilhelm Mencke started.

He had not thought of anything like that happening in connection with Violet; but now it suddenly occurred to him that, if the lady had fallen in love with her, he might turn this fact to his own advantage also.

If the fair governess should happen to disappear in some mysterious way, the wealthy man might offer a handsome reward for tidings of her, and if he was shrewd he might line his pockets with an extra amount of cash.

He had now learned all he cared to for the present, and so, after paying the girl a compliment or two, in return for her volubility, he bade her good evening and sauntered away.

* * *

It was true that Bertha had had a terrible fall and now lay at the point of death.

A day or two after that happy afternoon at the opera she was going downstairs, singing, as happy as a bird, when one of the rods, which held the carpet in place—having become loosened from its socket—suddenly flew out and tripped her, causing her to fall nearly the whole length of the staircase.

She was unconscious when her father, who had heard the fall and sprung from his library to her aid, picked her up, and carried her to her room.

The physician, on his arrival, made a careful examination, but could not at that time decide just how serious her injuries were. Later, after a consultation with another surgeon, he declared that her spine was fractured in two places, and that she could never recover from the injury—in all probability she would not live more than a few weeks.

The poor child's sufferings were terrible, but she was a patient little thing, and only when exhausted nature could bear no more did she complain of her hard lot.

Violet was with her continually, and did much to cheer and comfort her, while she did not spare herself in any way in her efforts to relieve her pain.

"How good you are to me, Miss Huntington," Bertha remarked, affectionately, one day, when she had had a longer interval of ease than usual.

"And why should I not be, dear?" Violet asked. "I am sure I love you dearly, and would do anything in the world to spare you suffering."

And she emphasized her assertion with a fond kiss upon the girl's pale brow.

"I almost wonder that you do love me," Bertha said, with a sigh.

"Why, my dear child?"

"Because I was so naughty and disagreeable when you first came here."

"But that was a long, long time ago, darling, and I never think of it—you have grown to seem like a dear little sister to me."

"Have I?" cried the child, eagerly, her wan face brightening. "How I wish I could always have had you, dear Miss Huntington. I know I should have been a much better girl; but I am glad that I have had you even for a little while."

"I am glad, too, Bertha, and I hope we are going to enjoy each other's companionship for a long while to come," Violet answered with a sudden heart sinking at that last remark.

Bertha lay quietly thinking for several moments, then she asked gravely, almost appealingly:

"Miss Huntington, do you believe that little girls who are blind here on earth will see in heaven?"

A shock of pain went quivering through all Violet's nerves at this significant question; but she answered as if there was nothing unusual about it:

"Why, of course I do, dear; whatever of ill we may have been afflicted with in this life will all be removed in the future world."

"What makes you think so?" Bertha inquired, with tremulous eagerness.

"Don't you remember, Bertha, that beautiful promise in Revelations? 'There shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away,'" Violet returned, a deep tenderness in her tones.

"Those are very comforting words, aren't they?" said Bertha, a glad light illuminating her face, "and I believe them, too, besides a good many other things that you have read to me. It will be very beautiful to be able to see everything clearly and plainly, and never have to grieve any more because you are not quite sure that you know just how those whom you love look. I think," she went on, with that bright smile on her lips, "that I am going to see and know mamma very soon. I am glad that I'm going, for I do so long to see her my poor eyes opened. You don't know how I have longed, when I have been sitting at the window and knew that papa was on his way home, that I could see him a great distance away and watch him as he came nearer; but," with a heavy sigh, "I could never tell that he was near until I could hear his step."

Violet was so overcome to hear the child talk thus that she could make no reply—she knew that she should burst into sobbing if she attempted to do so; she could only grasp the small hand that lay upon the counterpane, and fondle it tenderly.

"Do you know, Miss Huntington, and, after another interval of silence, "that I never thought much about heaven, or of going there until you came here. Miss Huntington, I never liked to hear any one read from the Bible; but somehow you made everything sound differently; it did not seem like the stiff Bible verses; but could tell a story about beautiful places and things. I am glad now, that you would never begin lessons until you read in the Testament and all those lovely things about the blind men, and those others whom Jesus healed. Do you suppose he will touch my eyes when I get to heaven? I think it would be very pleasant to feel His hand laid upon me, and then look up to see Him first of all."

Violet bent down to kiss the little invalid before replying.

"There is no doubt, darling, that you will see Him, for you know that He has told us that every eye shall see Him; while He is to be the light of the heavenly city," Violet whispered—she could not trust herself to speak aloud.

"Sing to me please—sing to me about the Jasper walls and gates of pearl," Bertha pleaded, turning wearily upon her pillow.

Sing! When her heart was nearly ready to burst with grief because her little charge was dying.

It seemed impossible, but calling all her will to her aid, she softly sang the hymn of which Bertha had grown very fond, and before she was through the child was quietly sleeping.

She never awoke again; the shock and injury of her fall together with the suffering that followed it, had worn out her young life; her breath became fainter and fainter, before morning she had gone peacefully and gently into a brighter sphere, where, with vision unimpaired, she would forever find delight in the beauty and brightness of that world prepared for those who have here learned to trust in the great Healer of men.

Mr. Lawrence felt as if he was heavily afflicted in thus losing his little child, and in such a sad way, too, and for a time he seemed almost inconsolable.

Had it not been for Violet in his time of trouble, he felt that he could not have borne it.

She proved a true comforter in every sense of the word, and was so thoughtful and helpful, that the whole household regarded her with deeper love and admiration than ever.

It was she who suggested many pleasant little things, connected with the sad ceremonies for Bertha, which no one else would have thought of, and which robbed the occasion of much of its gloom.

She asked Mr. Lawrence's permission to arrange the house as she chose, and he had told her to do just as she wished about everything.

She would not have the room darkened, as was the custom; she threw open every shutter, and let in all the sunlight possible, to make the room cheerful.

Then she spread a great white fur rug, upon which it had been Bertha's delight to lie, just under the arch, but where the two statues which the child had not recently purchased, and directed that the beautiful white casket, containing their loved dead, should be placed upon it.

She scattered lovely flowers all about it, and upon the still form—not sec pieces, but carelessly, as if a shower of fragrant blossoms had suddenly fallen upon and around the dear child.

She would have nothing but green and white about Bertha, but everywhere else there were spots of warm color and bright hues, and Mr. Lawrence afterward said that the sunlight, with this warmth and brightness, was infinitely comforting to him.

Violet forgot nothing. She sent a little note to the sonano of the choir, commencing with the church which they were in the habit of attending—a Miss Humphrey, a lovely girl, as well as a beautiful singer—asking if she would sing for some music during the service; and so sweet voices chanted a heavenly requiem above the still form, and the delightful strains lingered long in the memory of those who heard them.

Violet thought she had never listened to anything sweeter, and as she passed Miss Humphrey on her way out to the carriage, when all was over, she bent down to her with a sudden impulse, grasped the fair songstress's hand, and whispered, while her lovely eyes flashed a look of gratitude into hers:

"Thank you! Angel music could not have been sweeter—I shall never forget it."

Miss Humphrey pressed the hand clasping hers in mute and sympathetic response, thinking that she had never seen a lovelier face; but neither of them had a suspicion how close they to meet again, or how intimately their future lives were to be interwoven.

(To be Continued.)

A Dangerous Game.

Sauntering through the club rooms at Monte Carlo, which are nothing more nor less than a large gambling establishment, an observer could not fail to notice that wherever roulette was being played women are to be seen in larger numbers than at the tables were the chances were more even. There are probably several ways of explaining this fact, which nevertheless remains, that women are more speculative and will take greater chances than men. Take for example the way they expose themselves to cold, which is the commencement of nearly all troubles, so far as health is concerned. No need to run the slightest risk though, if a "Health" undervest be worn. These goods have just been introduced into the market; they are soft, luxurious and warm, but only the genuine are stamped plainly with the word "Health." Every doctor in the country has seen and recommended them, and they are for sale by W. A. Murray & Co.

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. F. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column" Saturday Night Office.]

Cearil.—See Constancia.

Gayhoche.—You are self-willed, active, impulsive and a little vain.

M. M. L. Gananogue. Vanity, independence of thought and cheerfulness.

Dipton.—Careless, mirthful, self-willed, flippant, affectionate and hasty.

Monica.—Generous, active, accurate in reasoning, a little consequential and self-reliant.

Carnita, Ottawa.—I have just come upon your letter, and the competition has closed.

Enoslaas.—Ostentation, impulse, vanity, some order, and vivacity are noticeable in your writing.

Pitchik.—You are warm-hearted, contented, timid, unostentatious and thoughtful for others.

Dhuna.—You are brisk, genial, rather prove to discourtesy, unselfish and tender-hearted.

George.—Self-appreciation, generosity, moody disposition and candor are shown in your writing.

Constancia.—You are ardent, obstinate, affectionate, active and orderly. 2. Address without "Dr."

Pendatic Pro.—You are w ty, courageous, affable, good-humored, independent, self-willed and ambitious.

Ingoma.—Carelessness, unselfishness, indecision, cordiality and candor are noticeable in your writing.

Five, Belleville.—You are self-reliant, eccentric, energetic, hasty-tempered, hasty-hearted and candid.

Duckie.—Energy, thoughtlessness, ardor of attachment and self-appreciation are indicated in your writing.

Patrick.—Your writing indicates some selfishness, sensitiveness, timidity, self-will and a merry disposition.

Charity.—You are rather unsympathetic reserved, candid, steadily persevering, hasty-tempered and melancholy.

Mabel, Bradford, Penn.—You are orderly, affectionate of disposition, candid, active, unostentatious and cautious.

Monotony.—Your writing shows variable disposition, good executive ability, fair order, vanity and self-reliance.

Maurice Rankin.—You are fond of society, impulsive, cheerful, a little flippant, not overly candid but very generous.

Horace Mann.—This is so plainly a stilted copy that it reveals nothing but little practice and a good deal of painstaking.

Mabel E. Brunett.—Indecision, self-will, ambition and tenderness are the most salient characteristics of your writing.

Wyr.—You are genial, dainty in manner and speech, self-willed, active, concise in planning, happy-hearted and orderly.

W. Murray.—You are probably wilful, rather generous, a little vain, of good enduring power, affectionate and hasty in temper.

Hubard.—Your writing exhibits good executive ability, uprightness, fondness for study and home, self-reliance, some egotism, and a strong will.

Hale.—Imitative, rather inclined to be deceptive, of a melancholy disposition and hiding away much tenderness beneath a frigid air of importance.

Ora Charlie.—You are sincere, practical, independent in thought, ambitious, cheerful and decidedly self-conscious. Meta is really you, is she not?

Sweet Briar.—You are a voluble talker with fair order and good sequence of ideas. Deftness of finger, an unostentatious nature and generosity are also well marked.

Clare, Belleville.—You are self-willed, rather orderly, persevering, genial and affectionate Take that motto and use it always, so long as you live and have her with you.

Tuppy.—You are not easily roused as to temper, but I should imagine that it would make quite a blaze when up. You are rather methodical, impulsive, inclined to be jealous minded but quite sincere.

Maidat.—Your writing shows an unostentatious nature, conciseness in the matter of arrangements, considerable order in your own ability and opinions, languor of temperament and amiability of temper.

Zephyr.—Mizzwhyr is a most amusing character in David Copperfield—one who has an abiding faith in the turning up of events, which will mean good times. Your writing betrays a lack of amiability, reserve, hauteur, high sense of honor and some selfishness.

A. T.—I do not wish to enter into a discussion on foreordination. We differ, and would probably require the whole column to add and substract matters. Certainly, send the photos. You need not send full address, as long as you give one which will find you.

An Old Maid.—What a d—! You are brave, sincere, slightly egotistical, rather imaginative, a little sentimental and romantically inclined, and very fond of being comfortably inac-ive. I see, besides a fair degree of order and a habit of pushing things to completion.

Mayblile.—In sending specimens for examination it is far better to write a few words of request than to send quotations carefully lettered and punctuated. We have too nearly copies to be sure of accurate judgment. In yours I find some egotism, ambition, independence of thought, timidity and abruptness of speech.

Mignon.—You are practical, self-reliant, persevering, concise in the matter of ideas, a little selfish, but very fond towards those who have place in your affection. The enclosed displays amiability, indecision, frankness and mirth, with some vanity and independence of will. All specimens are torn and tossed into my waste basket directly they are examined.

Mignonette.—You are a sweet, modest girl, how I did enjoy your long letter The writing shows reserve, uncertainty of thought, too much caution and timidity, but thoroughly honesty and candor. I think it is because you are grave and thoughtful that you make your friends among the older people, and you are perhaps a trifle too exacting and straight-laced.

Robbed.—Well, little girl, your faith should go for considerable. Supposing you send me word about it. I think you are systematic, rather brisk in your movements, cheerful, brave, persevering and ambitious. I am sorry that I could not answer in the issue you mentioned, but you see the letters are packed away in order, and I have only now come upon yours. My correspondents must not grow impatient, for nearly a hundred are waiting now.

Dearie, Pt. Dalhousie.—You are a perfect little gossip! I know enough of country towns to appreciate your earnest remarks regarding the "mail." 1 Do not believe in a formal reply to a greeting, and consider a real warm or original smile the most acceptable accompaniment to a stereotyped "Thank you!" 2 No, do not send invitations to your friends while they are in the deepest mourning. 3 Your writing shows a decisive temperament, with a good deal of prudent obstinacy behind it. You are also merry, rather thoughtless, quite sympathetic, but wanting in fact, of good executive ability and very faithful in your friendships.

Three Old Maids.—My wrath has been simmering for a long, long time. It has often threatened to boil over, but until now I have had no special desire to harm anyone. Why on earth do you send me a bundle of badly disguised writing to decipher? Do you think you did it cleverly? You didn't. The same "f's" trotted through the missives, with their funny little curled tails twisted up tight. The same "k's" danced attendance, and, in fact, you are discovered. Own up, send in some fair and square writing and I'll call down the witch and have it examined, but don't bother me with this nonsensical school-girl silliness or I'll die of rage and then—I'll haunt you.

Strange Revelation at a Matrimonial Agency.

Mr. R——, a gentleman of private means, solicitous for the well-being of his nephew, and to prevent the danger of his being drawn into the vortex of Paris dissipation, strongly advised him to take to himself a wife, but as the young man seemed in no hurry about it the uncle determined to take the matter in hand himself. He accordingly repaired to the office of a matrimonial agent, who, mistaking his visitor for an eligible client, received him with his blandest smiles and led him into an inner room and handed him an album containing the choicest specimens of his fair customers.

"Plenty of material to select from, is there not?" he said, rubbing his hands as he stood beside the old gentleman.

"Ha! what is this? Where did you get that photo? How dare you place my wife's likeness in this album."

So saying, the irate Mr. R—— seized the astonished agent by the breast of his coat and gave the man a thorough shaking, for among the other photos he had his wife's carte, a counterpart of the one she had given him on the first anniversary of their marriage. And the description appended under the portrait was painfully, nay, offensively, accurate. Nothing was omitted, not even the slight lisp, which in the first weeks of their honeymoon he regarded as an additional charm, but which was here designated as stammering. He jumped into a cab and hurried home.

"A horrid idea being made of your picture, my dear!" he exclaimed, quite out of breath; "it figures among the list of candidates at a matrimonial office!"

"Dear me," replied Mrs. R——, with a yawn; "pray don't excite yourself. Why, that was last year when you were so ill. I had my name entered and quite forgot to ask for my likeness back again!"

(Tableau.)—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Two Hundred Thousand Dollars.

B-fore Takin—In a New York Bank.

After Taking—In a Canadian Theater.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

An Amateur Detective Agency.

Sweet Girl—Pa, the house next door was robbed last night.

Pa—Merry! Next door?

Sweet Girl—Yes, and the burglars have been in two or three houses on this block within a week.

Pa—I know it. I know it. It's terrible! But what can we do?

Sweet Girl—I was thinking it might be a good plan for Mr. Nicefellow and me to sit up a few nights and watch for them.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Managing Husband.

Old Friend.—Your plan is a most excellent one; but do you think your wife will agree to it?

Married Man—Oh, yes. I'll tell her some one else suggested it, and I'll call it an idiotic idea.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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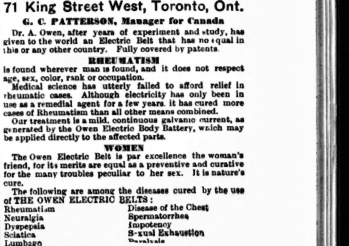

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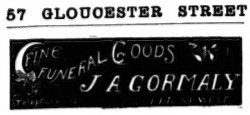

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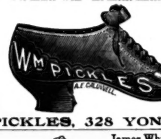

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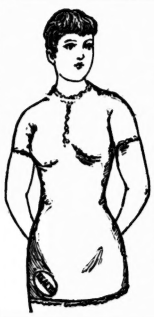

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

CARSWELL—At Uxbridge, on October 30, Mrs. W. E. Carswell—a daughter.
RYRIE—At Toronto, on November 3, Mrs. Harry Ryrie—a son, still-born.
WALLACE—At Toronto, on November 2, Mrs. W. G. Wallace—a daughter.
GEARING—At Stratford, on November 3, Mrs. F. W. Gearing—a daughter.
DAWSON—At Petrolea, on October 27, Mrs. H. J. Dawson—a son.
BREITHAUPT—At Berlin, on October 28, Mrs. Louis J. Breithaupt—a son.
FARNCOMB—At Newmarket, on October 30, Mrs. Farncomb—a daughter.
PRATT—At St. Thomas, on October 30, Mrs. E. C. Pratt—a son.
ROSS—At Whitby, on October 29, Mrs. George A. Ross—a daughter.

Marriages.

BARBER—FREEMAN—On October 22, 1890, at the Church of the Holy Communion, Rock Springs, Wyo., by Rev. Isaac Dawson, Robert Brock Barber of Georgetown, Ont., to Agnes Alexander Cobban, daughter of Wm. Freeman, M.D., formerly of Georgetown, Ont.
LANSING—WATT—At Niagara Falls, N.Y., on October 30, Watts S. Lansing to Julia M. Watt.
PARK—EVANS—At Toronto, on October 23, Maggie E. Evans, to Herbert S. Park, both of Toronto.
BAKER—PORTER—At Port Hope, on October 29, W. H. Baker of Toronto to Maria A. Porter.
FERGUSON—JACKSON—At Mallorytown, on October 29, William Ferguson to Lizzie Jackson.
McMILLAN—RYAN—At Fort Ryan, on October 29, Jas. McMillan of Petrolea to Nettie Ryan.
MAGKS—BRIGHT—At Toronto, on November 4, John W. Marks to Lottie Bright.
McLAREN—BEATTIE—At Guelph, on October 19, Rev. James Malcolm McLaren, B.A., of Blenheim, Ont., to Elphemia Beattie.
O'NEILL—SANDERSON—At Toronto, on November 3, John O'Neil of Lajunta, Col., to Nellie Sanderson of Detroit.

Deaths.

McLACHLAN—At King Township, on October 29, Mrs. Hugh McLachlan, aged 75 years.
LOADER—At Winnipeg, Man., October 29, Mrs. F. E. Loader, aged 32 years.
DEVLIN—At Maple, on November 4, Mrs. Eleanor Devlin, aged 75 years.
RODDEN—At Toronto, on November 4, Mrs. Catherine Rodden, aged 55 years.
MORGAN—At St. Thomas, October 25, George Webster Morgan, aged 90 years.
SEATH—At Toronto, on November 4, Mrs. John Seath, aged 70 years.
FITZGERALD—At Toronto, on November 3, Mrs. Richard Fitzgerald, aged 60 years.
HENDERSON—At Jamaica, Long Island, on November 29, John Henderson.
BLACKBURN—At Toronto, on November 3, Mary Blackburn, aged 69 years.
ROBLIN—At Bowmanville, on November 1st, James Roblin, aged 71 years.
GRIFFITH—At Toronto, on November 1, Mrs. Thomas Griffith.
RENNIE—At Hamilton, November 1, Elizabeth Rennie.
VINCENT—At Toronto, on November 1, Very Rev. C. Vincent, V. G.
SKELDING—At Scarboro' Village, on November 2, Thomas Skelding, aged 75 years.
BALDWIN—At Tiverton, Devonshire, on November 4, Mrs Isabella Baldwin.
JOHNSON—At Toronto, on the 4th inst., Charles F. Johnson, aged 29 years
HINDES—At Springfield-on-the-Credit, November 3, Alan Spilsbury Hindes, aged 7.
PATTINSON—At Toronto, on Oct 31, John Edward Pattinson, aged 9 years.
PFAFF—At Toronto, on October 29, Mrs. Salome Pfaff, in her 77th year.
STINSON—At Toronto, on October 31, Margaret Susanna Stinson, aged 25 years.

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